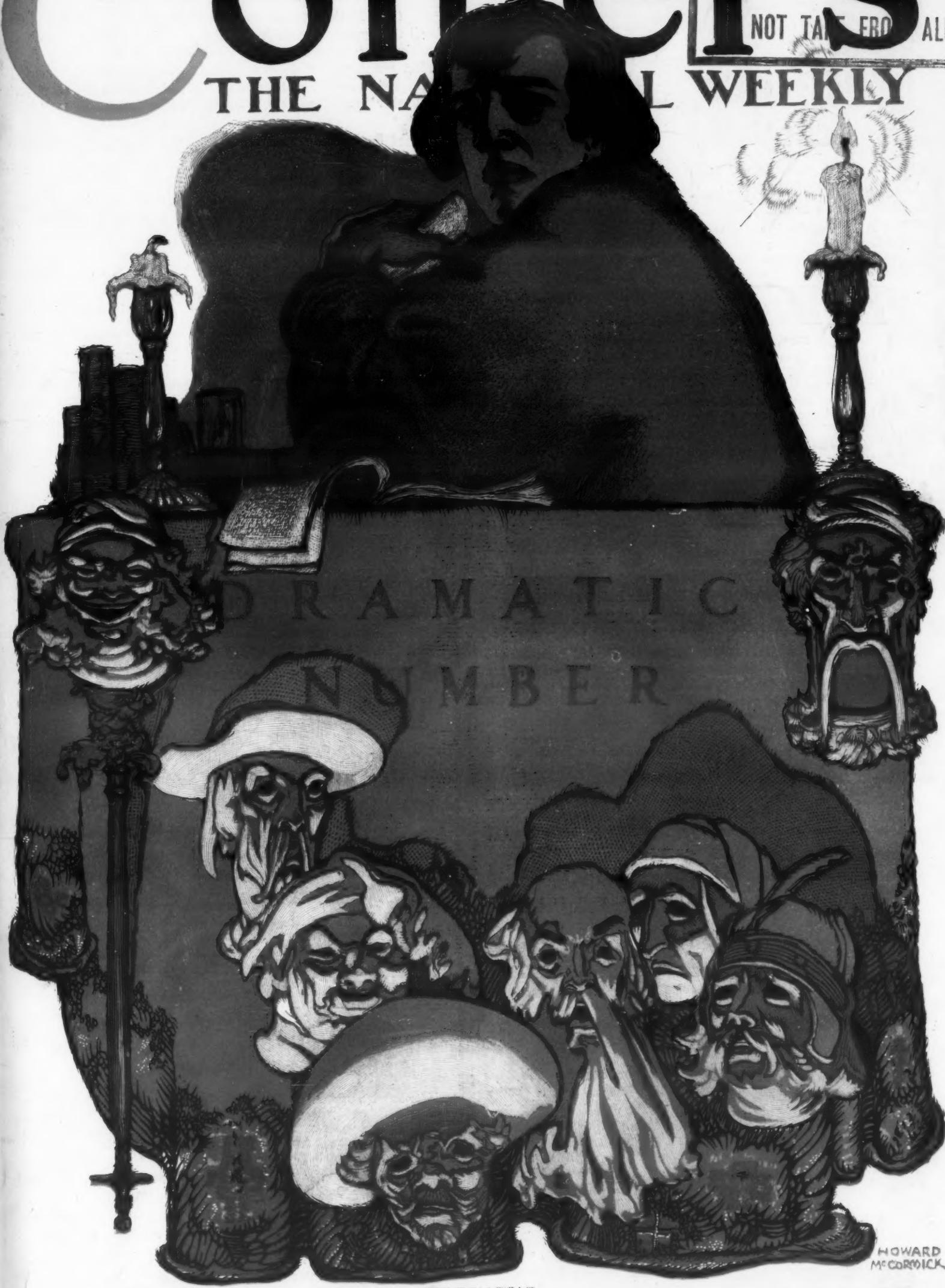


Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ALUMNI ASSOCIAT
PROPERTY.
NOT TAKEN FROM ALUMNI R

WEEKLY



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OCTOBER 24 1908



While the Fire is Low

A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal. The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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Remarkable Photographs

In announcing stories, articles, and other features of special interest, **COLLIER'S** has probably not given the just measure of emphasis to its remarkable photographs, illustrating the weekly record of the world's important events.

Seven-eighths of the photo-artist's skill consists in "being there when it happens." No photographer in the entire world has become more noted for this particular part of his profession than James H. Hare. In war times he manages to get where the fighting is thickest, even between the lines. His photographs of the Spanish War and of the Russo-Jap War are more spectacular, more real, than any history written in words could possibly be.

In peace Mr. Hare is never

at rest. No important event is so distant but that he finds a way to get there and make photographs. The more remarkable those events may be, the more certain he is of getting them in his camera. Whether "shooting" airships from the earth or the earth from an airship, whether facing a turbulent mob of strikers or perching in solitary peril upon the "spider-web" framework of some new structure—the story of this remarkable photographer's adventures in quest of pictures would thrill the most unromantic.

When the aeroplane struck the ground, he started to run. Being small, wiry, and extremely active, he was one of the first score of persons to reach the wrecked machine, and he took a dozen pictures within a few minutes after having satisfied himself that there were enough persons present to lend all the assistance to the injured men that was needed. He left for New York again last night.

"I guess it was the Hare luck again," he said just before he took his train. "There really wasn't any special reason why I should have come down here. My first pictures were pretty good. When I was over in Manchuria during the Russian-Jap war, I used to saunter out for a walk or take a bit of a horse-back ride, and before I'd know it I had run flush into some doings that made corking good stuff. I guess I wasn't due for any real luck, that's all. It was just crazy luck, that's all."

Washington Post, Sept. 18.

Collier's Photographer on Hand to Take Picture of the Wreck.

The only professional photographer "on the job" at Fort Myer yesterday when the tragic aeroplane accident occurred was "Jimmie" Hare, of Collier's Weekly, who has the happy faculty of always being on hand just when he should be. "The Hare luck," he calls it.

Mr. Hare was in Washington on the day Mr. Wright made his first flight three weeks ago and obtained a series of photographs at that time. He went back to New York that night, and did not return until last Monday, when he expected to take a few more snapshots and hasten back to the metropolis again.

He remained here until yesterday waiting for the high winds to die down, in order that a flight might be made. When the accident occurred he was at the upper end of the field with his camera strapped across his back. He had already snapped the machine several times as it circled over him.

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This department of **COLLIER'S** has become justly celebrated.

Three Great Stories

THE CUB REPORTER—By Rex E. Beach

(Our Fiction Editors call this the strongest story of the year.) To all the mystery of a swift detective story is added the warm human qualities of an attractive boyish hero. It will rank as one of the few perfect newspaper stories—all motion and speed like newspaper life itself. It is a story that falls into place with Richard Harding Davis's "Gallagher" and Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story."

McGENNIS'S PROMOTION—By Rowland Thomas

With a vivid story-telling gift the author has effectively dramatized "The White Man's Burden" and expressed it in human terms. He pictures the natives, part devil and part child, reaching out beseeching hands to the strong White Man who is in charge of their little cross-section of chaos, and when the call comes to him to go to a larger job his people are broken-hearted. But most broken-hearted are the tiny girls whom he has been teaching and to whom he has been telling stories.

HE ALSO SERVES—By O. Henry

A tale of a heathen god, dead and turned to stone, who comes to life as his beloved approaches. The scene is laid in a ruined temple on a far-off island, and has an undertone of romance and dead religions—and yet it is told in Bowery cocktail slang. It gives the effect of a funeral march played on a banjo. It is just one more of O. Henry's perfect stories, wherein he strikes the bull's-eye while he is looking the other way and shooting over his left shoulder.

Illustrated by noted artists, these stories will be published complete in the November Fiction Number, issued October 31, and on sale everywhere during the entire month of November for Ten Cents.

Collier's

The National Weekly

Paint Your Buggy Now DO IT YOURSELF

The finish of a vehicle is worn and shabby from constant summer use. The rains and mud, snow, ice and frost of winter are the most severe strain on its durability. Now is the time to protect and beautify your vehicles, to prevent rust and decay and prolong their life and usefulness. As a simple matter of economy you should repaint. It costs only a trifle and anyone can do it. The result is a handsome carriage-gloss finish in rich colors or black.

Neal's Carriage Paint ACME QUALITY

is for buggies, vehicles of all kinds (including baby's carriage) row-boats, flower stands—anything indoors or out requiring a brilliant, durable finish. Wagons, implements, wheelbarrows, lawn-settees—dozens of things about the home and farm should be protected from moisture, rust and decay during the winter months.

There are five strong reasons for fall house painting. Ask us.

The **Acme Quality Text Book** contains many suggestions for home beautifying and explains fully how to accomplish the best results in all sorts of painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Write for it. **IT'S FREE**

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4 Per Cent Interest



Collier's

Saturday, October 24, 1908



Cover Design Drawn and Engraved on Wood by Howard McCormick

The American Fleet at Melbourne. Photographs	4	
Editorials	5	
Don Quixote Poem	E. H. Sothern	6
Taft and Bryan Meet. Photograph	7	
The Oregon Senatorship	Jonathan Bourne, Jr., United States Senator from Oregon	7
Mr. Hearst's Thieves	Arthur H. Gleason Illustrated with Cartoon by Boardman Robinson, and Photographs	8
Philadelphia's 225th Birthday Pageantry. Photographs	10	
At Elsinore. Poem	Maurice Francis Egan	11
On a Certain Ingratitude in Critics With a Photograph	Richard Harding Davis	11
The Deciding Game Illustrated with Photographs	Will Irwin	12
The All-America Baseball Team Illustrated with a Photograph	Rev. W. A. Sunday	13
Plays and Players With Photographs	Arthur Ruhl	14
Writing and Playwriting With a Photograph	Jesse Lynch Williams	15
The Theatrical Rest Cure. Poem	Wallace Irwin	15
Peter's Play. Story	Virginia Tracy	16
The Sere-and-Melo-Drama Illustrated with Drawings Originally Designed for Melodrama Posters	Franklin P. Adams	18
Coincidental Coincidences	W. J. Lampton	21

Volume XLII

Number 5

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The Princess of Isenberg-Darmstadt, Germany, says: "I have received the Dolceola, and am delighted with it."

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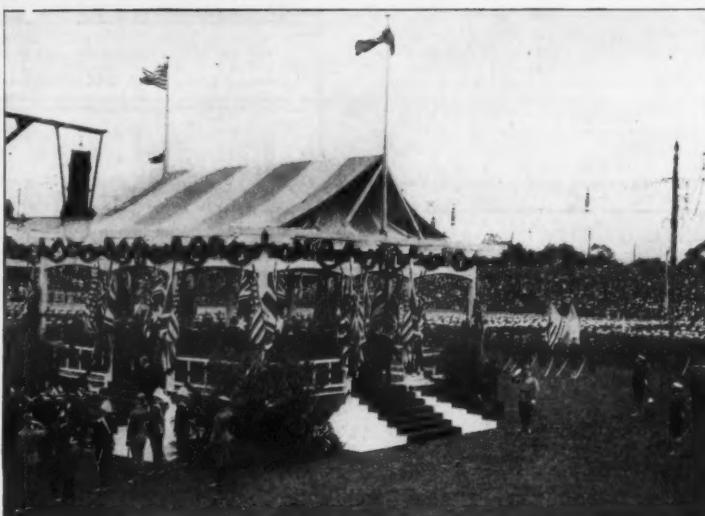
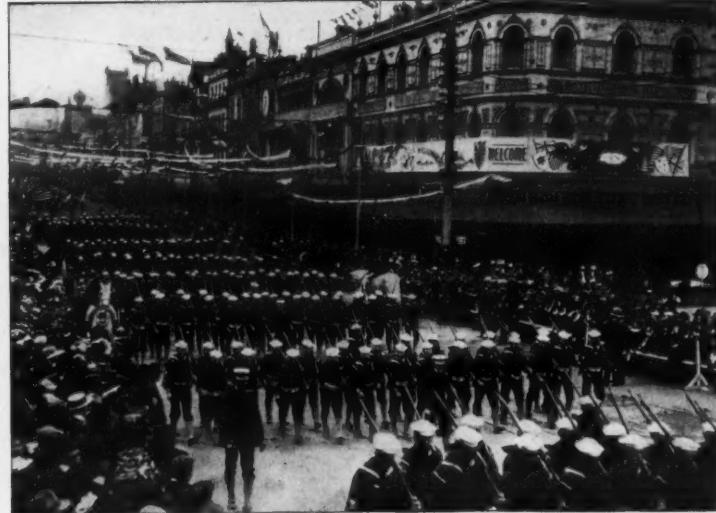
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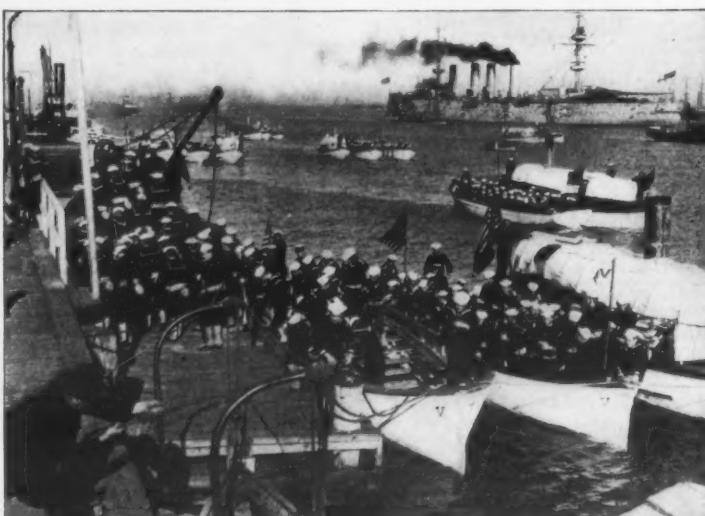
The American battleship fleet steaming into Port Phillip Heads, Melbourne, Australia, on August 29



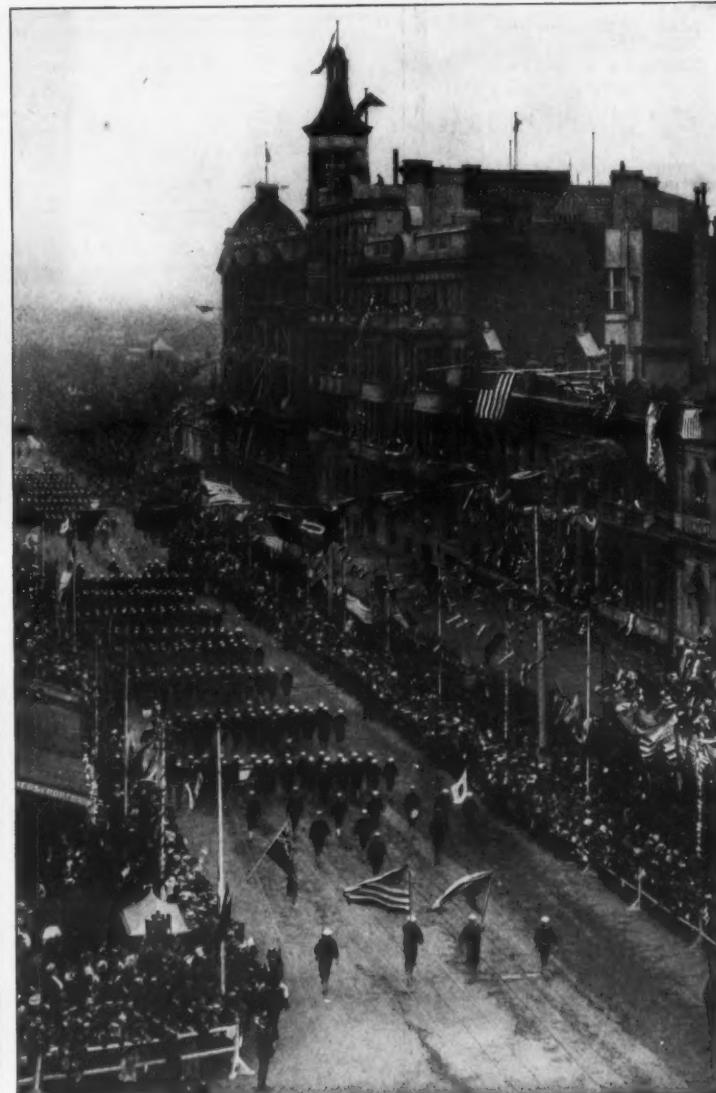
Marines and sailors from the American fleet marching through the crowd-lined, decorated streets of Melbourne



The reception to Admiral Sperry at the Melbourne Exhibition

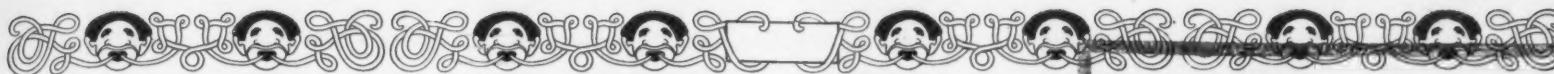


Sailors from the battleships landing at Melbourne Pier and entering the city



After landing at Melbourne, the sailors marched through the city

The American Fleet at Melbourne



Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE ALUMNI ROOM

October 24, 1908

The Plow

THE FARMERS," said DANIEL WEBSTER, "are the founders of human civilization." Not only that—they are the *lasting* foundation. "Let us never forget," to quote WEBSTER again, "that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man." Unstable is the future of a country which has lost its taste for agriculture. If there is one lesson of history that is unmistakable it is that national strength lies very near the soil.

"In ancient times the sacred plow employ'd
The Kings and awful Fathers of mankind."

When the small farmer degenerated, Rome began her fall. Her grandeur was built upon

"The Sabine field
Where the great CATO toil'd with his own hands."

And one kind of child labor is a blessing—the chores of the farmer's boy and girl—milking, driving the cows, weeding, chopping wood, or sitting on the modern riding-plow. It is the best of labor, the nearest to nature, the farthest from degeneration. Certain attractions, indeed, should be added, certain comforts and devices, but farming has always been the antithesis of luxury, the check and antidote. Labor of some kinds is death, but life without labor rapidly decays; and in all ages no implement has so glorious a history as the plow.

Parasites

HAVING RELIEVED OURSELVES of the above piece of contemplation, and thus established a breadth of view, we plunge once more into affairs. Wrapped, as it were, in the infinite, we proceed to discuss the present. There exists, in the United States, a certain publication known as "Leslie's Weekly," which gets, where it is able, money enough to keep alive. In this publication recently appeared the following:

"The attack by a muck-raking weekly on Congressman SHERMAN, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and his denunciation as 'an official fat-fryer,' unfit for the place he seeks, is as unjustifiable as it is unfair. It is on a par with attacks from the same source on Senator PENROSE of Pennsylvania and Mr. DU PONT of Delaware of the Republican National Executive Committee."

Messrs. SHERMAN, DU PONT, and PENROSE are grateful. FORAKER had his eulogy in another issue. Also anybody who interferes with vested rights is attacked by this sheet with ferocious barkings. Dr. WILEY will do for an example. Just by way of acquiring information, we venture to ask "Leslie's" publicly a set of questions. If it has any readers, besides ourselves, they also might like the information.

1. What transfer in the ownership of "Leslie's" has taken place during the past year?
2. Are the bonds which govern the property now owned by directors of the Standard Oil Company?
3. Is the long series of editorial attacks upon Dr. WILEY, the Government pure-food expert, inspired by his attempt to compel the Corn Products Company, one of the Standard Oil's affiliated corporations, to label their output "glucose," and not "corn sirup"?
4. If these conditions do in fact exist, what effect, if any, should they have upon the influence of the weekly?

Others besides the publishers may answer if they like. For the best reply a portrait of Senator PENROSE will be sent upon request.

Barleycorn, and Others

COLONEL WATTERSON observes that the proprietor of the New York "Times" "deserves to be hanged to the nearest lamp-post." In the same issue of his paper it is related that because a negro in Kentucky was *rumored* to have sworn, and drawn a revolver, his home was burned, and his wife, his five-year-old daughter, and his small baby were shot by the expectant mob. In Springfield, Illinois, a little while ago, a woman said something about a negro, and with the horrors that ensued the country was ablaze. Then, after the burning and the shooting had subsided, the woman's story was disproved, and the negro, whom the mob had failed to get, was set free. That little item about the final truth, when it emerged, was in most papers half hidden from the eye—an unimportant fact, to blush unseen. It is well known that many

"identifications" are sheer hysteria, often for crimes that never were committed, and many other charges and identifications are founded on something worse than hysterical invention: they are the easiest escape from scandal. Now these are not the things to say, no doubt. They altogether lack chivalry and the aristocratic virtues. But perhaps it is time to put justice and truth above "honor," whatever that may be. If this paragraph were not already named, "Chivalry" or "Honor" would serve for a title as well as any other term—as well, for instance, as "Murder for Fun," "Brutality," or "The Lust for Blood."

Money

THIE STORY OF THAW is the story of money. A judge in Pittsburgh does wrong to his position by issuing a writ, the effect and apparent purpose of which would be to help THAW escape. A judge in New York State takes a position only a little less exemplary. We have not met a lawyer who could speak of these two decisions without a sad confession that the bench in the United States does not reach the heart's desire. When THAW was on trial, his lawyers introduced perjured testimony. The Hearst and Pulitzer newspapers made a martyr of THAW and an injured saint of his cynical wife. It is a story, from the beginning, of the malign power of gold. It narrates the baleful influence of money seeking evil. From the commencement, when money bought for the young degenerate the lowest forms of pleasure, through the trial, when money corrupted his lawyers, his witnesses, and the yellow press, on to this ignoble end, when the very courts bend before the vicious power, it makes one livid tale, in which money is the villain, and justice is the martyr.

The Leaves of Fall

THE BEST THINGS are forever new, and of the blessings of this our fleeting pilgrimage none arouses in us deeper happiness than the multiform colors of the autumn; the sober browns, the changing yellows, the hectic reds. Nature takes us on her knee and improves us with serious discourse. In no other season does she lead us so inevitably to look before and after; and there is a joy even in pining for what is not. There is happiness in being tormented by the infinite. There is reflected everywhere the music of humanity, still and sad, but music always. The birds sing less often than they sang in spring. There is in autumn no anodyne like the summer heats. It is the season when our knowledge of life and destiny is with us always; when our sense of tragedy is most awake. Tragedy is not the worst of life, for tragedy is filled with beauty and significance; and in autumn lie the tragic beauties of the year.

Cannon and Hughes

TWO FIGURES LOOM, in the political arena, in vivid contrast. No statesmen could differ more in standpoint than the Speaker of the House and the Governor of New York. CANNON is the ordinary politician to the life, and HUGHES is a leader in the march ahead. Much "guff" is talked about the West. It was frequently said, last winter, that the majority, especially in the West, had no interest in a man like HUGHES, who lacked popular arts, and merely thought straight and acted right. Now the West receives HUGHES as a welcome exponent of better things, and, on the contrary, it is sharpening its hatchet for Uncle JOE. If the old obstructor is removed from his position of bad advantage, it will probably be because an aroused feeling in the West forces candidates for Congress to pledge themselves against him. If HUGHES is beaten, his own State will, by a large part of the United States, be looked upon with contempt. One man is the clearest example now before us of the power of principle. The other is the most potent and discouraging among the forces that make against progress and equality.

Baseball the Great

THE REVEREND BILLY SUNDAY has written a stirring little article for this issue. Well we remember when SUNDAY used to go down the line to first so fast that almost any grounder by him was likely to be safe. He was a trifle speedier than ARLIE LATHAM of the St. Louis Browns, but LATHAM was a better base runner, and they

were lively rivals in their day. The period of which BILLY SUNDAY reminiscens, with ANSON and COMISKEY as the leading chieftains, was a brilliant formative period, but the season just closed marks the high-water mark. We saw the famous tie game between Chicago and New York, and also the no less famous 4 to 2 victory for the Cubs, and never in any past season have we seen the game played so powerfully. New York "rooters" are wrong to talk about being "robbed by a technicality." Part of the game is to be alert to every possibility under the rules; never to stop until the last hope is dead; and the spirit that made CHANCE's men seize the opportunity left open to them by a New York player's mistake is the same spirit which gives them their dash and determination upon the field. Rules exist to be played by, and talk of robbery is baby talk. Here's hoping that New York and Chicago may next year have many a fierce encounter and play the game with the marvelous brilliancy which has caused this season to stand out beyond all preceding years.

Misunderstanding

THE FIRST OBJECTIONS from California about our recent comment on the bubonic plague show a rather careless reading of what we wrote. Although it was distinctly stated that precautions in San Francisco had been thorough, and still continued to be satisfactory, a number of communications assume that San Francisco is criticized, whereas it is a proper model from which some other places in California might draw inspiration for the highest medical standards. This whole topic will be treated again by us shortly. We repeat now merely that, with proper hygiene in all towns around the bay, there is no cause for alarm whatever, but that, if precautions are slackened, danger may some time arise.

Those Letters

A WHILE AGO we indicated in passing that we did not know how those Archbold-Foraker letters were secured by the Hon. Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By the exercise of some ingenuity we have now found out, as any industrious reader of the present issue will discover for himself. It was our intention, upon taking pen in hand, to draw some moral from this rather suggestive tale, but the conclusions which stand out in our mind are not only numerous but confused, and, therefore, instead of formulating aphorisms ourselves upon the subject, we shall be content to watch curiously to see what is thought of thefeat by the public and the press. It is no easy question in ethics, this fundamental one of detective work, and before condemning Mr. HEARST entirely we should reflect a little carefully upon where such condemnation would end in the whole problem of securing information by similar agencies like the secret service. It is a very horrid thing, this use of depraved tools, and all we ask of anybody, in deciding upon the guilt of Mr. HEARST, is to think out clearly his own convictions and where they lead.

Will They Dare?

HOW FAR WILL POLITICIANS go in the face not only of explicit instructions from the public, but in the face also of their pledged word? Under the direct primary law in Oregon, a Republican Legislature was elected last summer, and instructed to elect to the United States Senate the present Governor, who is a Democrat. So many members of the Legislature gave explicit promises to obey the popular vote that the election of Governor CHAMBERLAIN is assured unless he is kept out of office by the most shameless dishonesty. Oregon is now full of rumors that the Republican Legislature intends to defeat CHAMBERLAIN. The idea is that the pledged members will not vote openly against him, but that enough of them will manage to be sick, or to be called out of the State on business, or to find themselves compelled to resign, to turn

the scale. Every voter in Oregon ought to read Senator BOURNE's little article in this issue. We believe, with him, that such treason will scarcely be ventured upon by politicians in a State which is so alive and so self-governing as the State of Oregon. Nevertheless, the situation must be watched. FULTON is the main conspirator. HARVEY W. SCOTT, the owner and editor-in-chief of the Portland "Oregonian," has had the Senatorial bee for as long as anybody can remember, and FULTON and the others work him by making him believe he has a chance, and in that way they get SCOTT to throw the influence of his paper with them and against "Statement No. 1." While the circulation of the paper has not been decreased, its influence, politically, considering its former prestige, is now practically nothing. There will, undoubtedly, be a serious situation in Oregon if the Legislature actually does reject CHAMBERLAIN, and if the members of the Legislature who were elected in June, pledged to "Statement No. 1," shamelessly repudiate their pledges.

Nine Lines of Philosophy

WHEN WE ARE TWENTY all those ills from which man suffers are attributed to the tragic make-up of the universe. When we pass forty, those very same calamities are attributed to advancing age. Actually, youth, and even childhood, knows most of the sorrows of succeeding years.

Moving Pictures

ONE SIDE of the moving-picture show was vivaciously presented by Miss ALICE MINNIE HERTS in our paper recently. A correspondent who disagrees with her quotes from a letter of Miss JANE ADDAMS thus:

"It is unfortunate that the five-cent theater has become associated in the public mind with the lurid and unworthy. Our experience at Hull House has left no doubt in our minds that in time moving pictures will be used quite as the stereopticon is at present, for all purposes of education and entertainment, and that schools and churches will count the films as among their most valuable equipment."

The same correspondent points out that the moving pictures often exhibit subjects in history, methods in industry, geographical scenes, and works of art. Miss HERTS argues against the whole method, even as some patrons of the drama argue against vaudeville, but that is a large subject, and to regret an invention is at least a waste of time. What use is made of the invention is another question, and it is only fair to say that not all moving-picture shows are open to the objection of presenting anything that could demoralize or revolt.

Women and the Saloon

NO DOUBT REMAINS that a saloon commission will be formed for the investigation of conditions in the retail liquor trade, for the wise manipulation of the immense crusading anti-saloon fervor of the country, and for directing future effort along legislative and social lines that will be permanent instead of only picturesque. The only question now under consideration is what shall be the most potent form for the commission? It is practically assured that either an official commission or a privately endowed commission can be obtained for the asking. Some men of judgment are inclined to think that a thorough study of the subject in New York State would be likely to produce more solid results than would an inquiry which attempted to extend over the whole United States. In whatever shape it finally becomes embodied this winter, at least one woman should be in its membership. Several of the saloon's most vital problems and most sickening evils are those in which women play a part that is tragic and prominent. There is need of the guidance and knowledge of good women. The commission will best prosper when it numbers on its board women of the tact, wisdom, and sympathy of JANE ADDAMS of Hull House, FRANCES A. KELLOR of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee, MRS. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR., of the Committee of Fourteen, or LILLIAN D. WALD of the Nurses' Settlement.

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Taft and Bryan Meet

Taft and Bryan at the Non-Political Banquet of the Chicago Association of Commerce on October 7

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The Oregon Senatorship

Some Vital Reasons Why a Republican Legislature Must Elect a Democratic Senator

By JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr., United States Senator from Oregon

THE situation described by Senator Bourne below is the outcome of the Oregon primary election last April. At that election Senator Fulton (to whom *COLLIER'S* paid its respects in its issue of April 4) failed to secure the endorsement of the Republican voters as the party's candidate for reelection. H. M. Cake, who was chosen instead, was defeated at the general election in June by a Democrat, Governor Chamberlain. Under the cloak of a crusader for Republican domination in a normally Republican State, Fulton has been hard at work to nullify the primary verdict when the Legislature meets next January. He sympathizes with the attempt to lure away from the State enough members of the Legislature who are pledged to elect Chamberlain, to make possible either his own selection or the selection of some Republican of his choice. Should he succeed, the primary will become a farce in Oregon, and the primary principle will suffer throughout the country.

THE people in Oregon have initiated and passed, under a provision of their State Constitution and legally prescribed forms, a Primary Elections Law, by the terms of which candidates for public office and party organization alike are brought directly under the control of the public will and all public servants made responsible to the people. The law destroys all political machines and political bosses, but not party integrity nor organization.

A plain and careful statement of the political situation in Oregon at this time is needed: Our Primary Elections Law provides that an elector seeking office may get his name on the party's ballot by petition, in which, among other things, he agrees to "accept the nomination and will not withdraw," and if elected "will qualify as such officer," implying, of course, that he will also serve.

Under the law, a candidate for the Legislature may, in addition to stating on his petition in not to exceed a hundred words what measures and principles he advocates, also subscribe to one of two statements; but if he does not so subscribe he shall not on that account be debarred from the ballot. It will be seen, therefore, that three courses are open to him. He may subscribe to Statement No. 1, as follows:

"I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference."

Or, he may subscribe to Statement No. 2, as follows:

"During my term of office I shall consider the vote

of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient."

Or, he may be perfectly silent on the election of United States Senator. It is entirely optional with the candidate.

The law further provides that United States Senators may be nominated by their respective parties in the party primaries and the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes thereby becomes the party nominee. Then in the general election the party nominees are voted for by the people and the individual receiving the greatest number of votes in the general election thereby becomes the people's choice for United States Senator.

Our Primary Elections Law embodying these statements was passed by a popular vote of approximately 56,000 for to 16,000 against, and, notwithstanding the great majority in its favor, its opponents charged that the people did not know what they were doing when they voted for it. Accordingly, at the last general election, the advocates of the election of Senators by the people and of the enforcement of Statement No. 1 submitted to the people the following bill:

"Be it enacted by the people of the State of Oregon: Section 1—That we, the people of the State of Oregon, hereby instruct our Representatives and Senators in our Legislative Assembly, as such officers, to vote for and elect the candidates for United States Senator from this State who receive the highest number of votes at our general elections."

Although there was no organized campaign made for the adoption of the bill other than the argument accompanying its submission, while opponents of the Primary Law assailed it vehemently, the basic principle of Statement No. 1 and the election of United States Senators by the people was thus again endorsed in the passage of this bill by a popular vote of 69,565 for it to 21,182 against it, or by nearly 3½ to 1.

The Oregon Legislature consists of ninety members, thirty in the Senate and sixty in the House, forty-six making the necessary majority on full attendance for the election of United States Senators.

At the last election the number of Statement No. 1 legislators elected was sufficient with the Statement No. 1 hold-over Senators to raise the whole number thus pledged to fifty-one, making on joint ballot a majority of five out of a total of ninety members. All of these fifty-one members subscribed to the Statement No. 1 pledge voluntarily, and it was so subscribed to by them from a personal belief in the desirability of the popular election of United States Senators.

No oath could be more sacred in honor; no contract more binding; no mutual consideration more definite than is contained in the Statement No. 1 pledge; and no parties to a contract could be of more consequence to government and society than the electorate upon the one side and its servants upon the other.

Under the United States Constitution there can be no

penalty attaching to the law. The legislator breaking his sacred pledge can not be imprisoned or fined; hence, he is doubly bound by honor to redeem his voluntary obligations. Failure to do so would not only brand him as the destroyer of a sacred trust, but as the most contemptible of cowards, because legally immune from punishment for his perfidy.

It is absolutely inconceivable that a single one of these fifty-one men will prove recreant either by resigning, by emigrating from the State, or by refusing to vote as he has pledged his sacred honor to do. Death only can relieve him of his responsibility, and the individual who would advise or in any degree justify one of these men in such betrayal would become even more contemptible than the actual culprit in the estimation of every honorable man. Nor could the beneficiary of such perfidy and betrayal of a sacred trust escape. The office itself would be made thereby unclean and the odors of fraud would linger in the toga.

In the Oregon primaries held last April, Hon. H. M. Cake received the Republican nomination for United States Senator and our present Governor, George E. Chamberlain, the Democratic nomination for United States Senator. In the general election in June Governor Chamberlain defeated Mr. Cake by a small plurality, thereby developing from the Democratic candidate into the people's choice for United States Senator. The normal Republican majority in Oregon is conceded to be from fifteen to twenty thousand. With full recognition of Governor Chamberlain's ability and fitness for the office and his great personal popularity, I deem it but just to the law and a proper anticipation of the criticism by the enemies of the law that it destroys party lines and integrity, to state that in my humble opinion Governor Chamberlain received the votes of several thousand Republican enemies of the law who believed that in selecting Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, they would prevent a Republican Legislature from ratifying the people's selection, obeying the people's instructions, and electing as United States Senator the individual, regardless of party, that the people might select for that office. Thus they hoped to make the primary law and Statement No. 1 odious and sought to create what they thought would be an impossible condition, by forcing upon a Republican Legislature for confirmation the popularly designated Democratic candidate for United States Senator.

Greater than party, and infinitely greater than any individual, the people's choice becomes the representative of a principle and the law; the intelligence and integrity of the whole electorate of the State of Oregon, as well as the integrity and loyalty of the members of the Legislature, are now at stake, and from any honorable viewpoint the mere intimation of the possibility of the Legislature or any member of the Legislature failing conscientiously to fulfil his pledge or loyally obey the instructions of the people, is not only an insult to the individual members of the Legislature, but an insult to the intelligence, independence, and patriotism of the Oregon electorate. They must not permit such action to go unnoticed or fail to hold the culprit to a rigid responsibility for his treason.



THE TERROR OF THE CAMPAIGN

This article reveals where Mr. Hearst secured his ammunition

Mr. Hearst's Thieves

The Story of a White Man who Crossed the Color Line and His Negro Friend, the Stepson of John D. Archbold's Aged Butler—How They Sold the Standard Oil Office Files to the Hearst Newspapers for a Trifle Over \$12,000—Stump Hints at Penrose and Aldrich

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

*"We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
We're poor little black sheep who've gone astray,
Damned from here to eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we."*

T

THIS is the life story of two obscure citizens, a negro and his white friend, who have kept the 1908 Presidential campaign lively, made Mr. Hearst a star performer, and received and spent a wad of money.

It was Willie W. Winfield and Charles Stump, you see, who sold the John D. Archbold Standard Oil letters (about Sibley and Senator Foraker and other political intimates of No. 26 Broadway) to Mr. Hearst for a trifle over \$12,000. "It looked like a lot of money, then," says Charley Stump. "What is \$12,000 to \$15,000? A few thousands don't last long, with the gambling and the rest."

"When you get a chance to make \$10,000 to \$15,000 because you can lay your hands on information," says Willie Winfield, "I say, to hell with your job. Take the chance. What do you care if you lose your job? Stump was a fool, or he'd have stayed rich. He used to show \$1,500 at a time. But the women got it—diamonds for them, and the rest of it."

William W. Winfield, the negro, was the file clerk, messenger, and door tender of John D. Archbold until 1905. He is the stepson of John D. Archbold's trusted and now aged negro butler, James N. Wilkins, of blameless life, devoted to Mr. and Mrs. Archbold, and by them much honored. For over twenty years Wilkins has been as one of the family. He owns a charming large white house at No. 35 North Washington Street, Tarrytown. Its interior is tasteful and attractive to a degree. Many years ago he married a widow woman, Mrs. Winfield, whose two sons are John A. Winfield and Willie W. Winfield. John is porter in the National Bank of Tarrytown. Turn to Willie.

"I will tell you an odd thing," says Willie. "Archbold is a big man, isn't he? and he knows a lot of big men; but he's more afraid of me. I've had different odd jobs with him since I left Standard Oil. I was with Standard Oil ten years. Stump was there six years—he came in 1899. I taught him all he knew. Why, he didn't know how to handle a telephone, used to put the receiver to his ear, and drop it when it buzzed. Poor Stump, he was just plain foolish, careless, as you might say."

"I've never been able to do much business with Archbold," says Stump, "since I sold the letters, a little money, once in a while, \$75 one time, \$10 another time,

but nothing much. He keeps my address, though, and knows where I am. I don't understand how Willie keeps next. And yet we've stirred up the campaign for fair," says Charley Stump. "I wrote a letter to Mr. Hearst when he began reading the Archbold letters, saying that, considering the sensation they were making, he ought to send me a little money. There's no use trying to see him. You can't get through the office force. But no money has come from that letter. Eldridge was the last man in the Hearst office that I actually did busi-

Hearst is using. He hasn't originals, except a few Hanna letters, which may not come out at all. After the photographed copies of the letters were sold to the Hearst people, some of the letters were returned to Mr. Archbold by a friend of mine" (Stump gave me his name, which is here suppressed because he is living honestly). "Mr. Archbold had offered us a thousand dollars, but he didn't pay it after he got his hands on the letters.

We knew it was too much risk to steal the originals and then keep them. J. D. A. would be sure to ask some day for some one of them, and where would we be? So we had to photograph them and then return them.

Willie Winfield and His Friend



The home of William W. Winfield, the negro Standard Oil employee who procured the Archbold letters which Stump sold to the Hearst office. The house is situated at 35 North Washington street, Tarrytown, and is the property of John D. Archbold's butler, James N. Wilkins, the stepfather of Willie Winfield

ness with. When you came in this afternoon, so quiet and confidential with some proposition or other, I thought at first you were one more Standard Oil man with his hands full of letters that wanted me to place them in Park Row. I'm through with that. There's nothing in it. It gives you lots of trouble and uneasiness and no satisfaction. I wouldn't go through it again. I was only a boy, only nineteen years old, at the time I carried through the Archbold business for the Hearst people.

"And yet, do you know, Mr. Hearst hasn't begun to read the best of the letters. He's beginning easy. Wait till you hear him read the Senator Penrose and the Senator Aldrich letters. Then there'll be a sensation. What's happening now is nothing. He hasn't the originals, you know. They were returned to the Standard Oil files. Photographic copies were made, and those are the ones

ILLIE fetched the stuff to me, but he never showed up at the Hearst office at all. They've never laid eyes on him. It's me that stands to lose on any publicity. Willie has nothing to lose. He's got his Tarrytown home. He's fixed, living there with his stepfather, who has the job with Archbold.

"You know Willie has always denied his guilt. He actually brought suit against Mr. Archbold at the time of his dismissal. Paid a lawyer to prepare the papers, and everything. He's a reckless fellow."

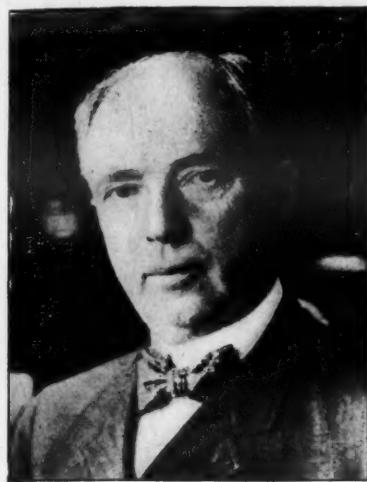
In 1904, Willie and Stump were working along happily enough in the Standard Oil offices at 26 Broadway. They were inseparable friends—the white man and the negro. Their negro friends describe the degree of their intimacy by holding up the index finger and the middle finger of the right hand and tightly clasping them with all the fingers of the left hand.

"They were close as that, always."

Willie—he was the keen one. He is short, strongly built, with a bullet head set back in a cocky way, like a fighting bird. His mustache is thick and closely cropped. He is neat, what you call "a good sport." He is equally ready for a joke or a scrap. His talk is a mixture of caution and boasting.

He is vivacious and witty, and socially attractive. "It's a pleasure to be with Willie," say his friends. "He's different from ordinary folks." It isn't character, it's just temperament, that makes Willie one of the best-known negroes in the State.

Stoop-shouldered, loose-framed, with coal-black hair, and the facial pallor of a mortal disease, and a dull red scar-mark of a blood disease in his right cheek, with wide eyes, yellow in the whites and shifty in the center—eyes that never look at you, but wander over your clothing and feet, like unclean little creatures—Charley Stump is a man to be marked in any crowd as one who has had some unique personal experience. There is a



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD



WILLIAM R. HEARST



SENATOR JOSEPH B. FORAKER



GOVERNOR C. N. HASKELL

Mr. Hearst has been enlivening the present Presidential campaign by reading a series of letters from the private files of John D. Archbold. These pictures show the principal actors in the stories which Mr. Hearst has already unfolded, showing the relations of prominent American statesmen to the powers of high finance. In the revelations which we now make, the most important piece of news, if it be true, is the statement of one of Hearst's tools, made to us, that Penrose and Aldrich are going to be hit even harder than Foraker was. We understand that Mr. Hearst's intention has heretofore been to put out the Penrose and Aldrich material about November 1

suggestion of the hunted about him. The same timid stare as in the eye of Lafcadio Hearn. Stump is smooth-faced, painfully close-shaven, with the blue chin of priests. His nerves are in poor shape. He ought to emigrate to Australia, and begin again from the soil. He needs good air and decent white people, and the waters of forgetfulness.

Those were the two men. Together they played the races through 1904. Willie was always the leader and suggester. Stump was a man you could pull in any direction.

ATHE Standard Oil letters of John D. Archbold to Senator Foraker, Representative Sibley and other eminent politicians, of which Mr. Hearst has made effective use through the present campaign, were sold to the New York "American" office by Charles Stump, a confidant messenger of the Standard Oil Company. The letters were brought to him by William W. Winfield, a negro in the office of John D. Archbold. Winfield is the stepson of Mr. Archbold's butler. Stump and Winfield cleared a trifle over \$12,000 by the transaction and made merry through 1905 on the proceeds, running a saloon, playing the races, and leading a swift metropolitan life

correspondence in bargain lots to his good friend, Charley Stump, and made him, the white man, the actual negotiator at the Hearst office in Park Row.

The Park Row Visits of Stump

Soon after the Presidential election of 1904, Stump became a familiar figure, of nights, in the editorial rooms of William Randolph Hearst's New York newspapers. Some of those who observed him thought him consumptive, because of his remarkable pallor. He wore a frieze overcoat and an air of the utmost self-assurance. He had many whispered conferences, calling two or three times a week for many weeks. It is hard to remember back three years in a Hearst office (so much is in the air there all the time—from ideas to tissue manifolding paper), but to those who escaped from the maelstrom with their brains least impaired, it seems now quite certain that these visits lasted from early December until the middle of February. Along toward the end of his visits he became generally known to managing editors and other authorities of the office, including, of course, the office-boys, whom he scorned, as "the man with the Standard Oil letters." It was known that, with two high officials in the Hearst office, he and a photographer met in the photograph rooms of the newspaper. A safe in the office became known as "the safe with the negatives of the Standard Oil letters in it." When news was dull and the editorial council was dolefully bewailing the fact, it was commonplace for one editor or another to sigh: "Wish the boss would let us into those Standard Oil negatives in the safe!"

"The three men I did business with in the Hearst office," says Stump, "were, first, Eddy, the city editor; then Mooney, who later took charge of a paper out of town; then Eldridge, the present city editor of the 'American.'"

It was but natural that letters reflecting corporation scandal upon statesmen, and especially upon Senators of the United States, should seek the Hearst market in those months. The compilation of the Hearst "Cosmopolitan Magazine's" series, "The Treason of the Senate,"

was in progress. The need for more evidence of treason was urgent; the supply flourished with the demand.

The Letters Locked up Three Years

FAR less brilliant appraiser of public sensations than William Randolph Hearst could not have failed to appreciate that the stolen Archbold correspondence would be wasted on "The Treason of the Senate," already ridiculed and more or less discredited. But Hearst, in the winter of 1904-5, appreciated even more. He had just passed through a candidacy for nomination to Presidency of the United States; he had pretty nearly disqualified himself from appealing for a hearing in 1908. But with these letters and with a candidate, not himself, who had been conspicuous as a militant enemy of Standard Oil, the American people, who love trouble and disturbances of the peace, would gladly open the gates of the arena for him. He made Hisgen the candidate; he read and, at this writing, is still reading Mr. Archbold's private letters. And he has made more talk and more disturbance in this campaign than any man or body of men in or out of it except the baseball contestants for the various championships. Thus is Hearst justified unto himself for holding back those letters for three long years; thus the circulations of the various "Journals," "Americans," and "Examiners" wax great, and in scores of cities there are negotiations in progress for the establishment, sooner or later, of new Hearst newspapers.

Early in 1905 Mr. Archbold discovered the theft, and Willie and Stump were discharged. They had cleaned up a little over \$12,000 by the series of transactions in Park Row, and a small part of this they invested in the saloon at the southeast corner of 134th Street and Seventh Avenue. The rest they dropped in poolrooms, the races, and in one other way, to be specified in a moment. Neither of them was a worker, so they put in Clinton Wilkins, a negro, as manager of their saloon. Later he bought them out, and on his death his brother, Leroy Wilkins, took the business. He is still in charge. It is his brother, "Baron" Wilkins, who runs the "Little Savoy," at 253 West Thirty-fifth Street, most notorious of negro dives and resorts, with its famous iron door admitting to the upstairs apartments, and its picture gallery of beauties in the basement, and the negro pugilist exhibit at the rear. We pause and sketch the "Little Savoy" for it was with that crowd that the two men traveled in the summer of 1905. The Wilkins boys were their close friends. The Wilkins boys are of the same name and color as the stepfather of Willie Winfield, though all relationship is denied by both sides. Both Willie and Stump put far more time and money in gambling than in their saloon.

It was at this point that Stump's constant association with negro life became altogether too much for him, and he crossed the color line. He spent his money and lost his grip on life in association with a negro woman of the uptown district—lavishing diamonds on her and even buying her a horse, so the story runs. Stump began to drop his old-time white friends—honest Germans—and fell both socially and financially. In October, 1905, the saloon partnership was dissolved, and Stump disappeared. Later he was so hard up as to take a job on

the street railway as conductor. Such warm friends of his as Philip Wagner, the well-known undertaker and livery stable man of 144 West Ninetieth Street, have been unable to trace him. His crossing the color line in women threw him out of touch with his one-time associates.

After Stump left Winfield, and took the path that led him out of sight of all his old familiars, Willie went it alone in the saloon, with Wilkins as manager, but finally he grew tired and pulled out. In September, 1907, he went with his wife to Chicago. Since April, 1908, he and his wife have lived with his stepfather in the Tarrytown home. He has had abundant spending money in these last three years, with occasional ebb-tide times.

"I've known big men, a good many of them, and I've had big chances," says Willie. "But somehow I never could seem to get in just right."

"I don't want to peddle any more letters," says Stump. "But I'm always willing to make money. But it's got to be enough to cover me, if I lose my job. It's got to keep me till I find another, and that isn't easy. After you're down and out, it's a long time you are looking."

On Friday afternoon, October 9, at 3 p. m., at No. 35 North Washington Street, Tarrytown, Willie said to me:

"I'm mighty anxious to find Stump. He seems to have disappeared again. People haven't seen him for a long time. He may be dead—poor Charley! He was always careless. But there'll be a big thing for him and for me, too, if I land him inside the month. After the next few weeks there's nothing doing. I don't want him after that."

The Pawns and the Players

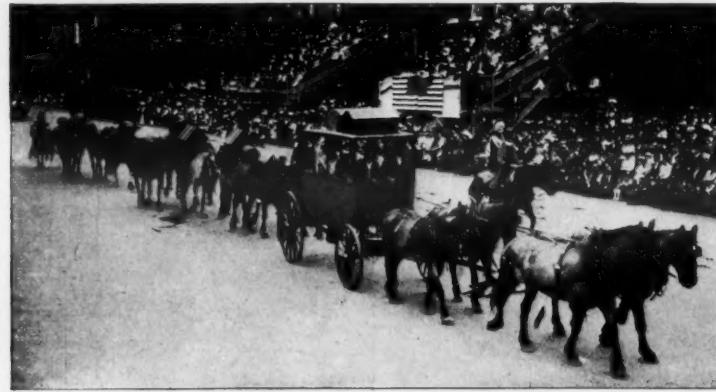
STUMP isn't dead, but he looks ill and tired of life. He works as a desk clerk on the third floor of Yale & Towne, No. 9 Murray Street, and he lives at 1086 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

"What I want to know," said Stump to me on Monday, October 12, "what is there in it for me if I see Willie? It's a bit of a trip to Tarrytown. And this game of Archbold's getting us to swear one of the letters was faked by Hearst so as to make it look as if the whole correspondence was a yellow Journal fake—I want to know the price for that. I want guarantees before I lose a job for that scheme. Anyway, I want to see \$25 before I talk it over with Willie."

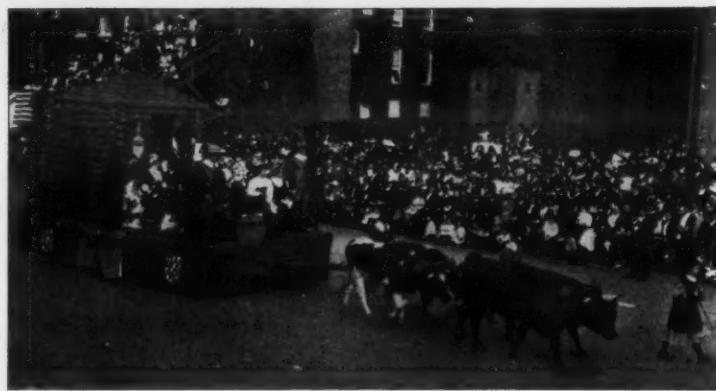
There is something pathetic in coming to know these two in their sickly deceit, insincerity, and utter willingness to be purchased. They lay open their whole dirty and pitiable life to you as you sit with them; and, weary of the game, they will still be asking: "How much is there in it for me?" The episode will drive Willie out of Tarrytown, and will throw Stump out of his job. It will give them some more unhappiness in place of easy money, while it will scarcely annoy Mr. Archbold and Mr. Hearst. And yet these obscure men are not the most guilty parties of the now famous Archbold-Foraker-Hearst episode. They are the sad little pawns of the well-hidden players. It is a pity if, in dramatizing them, we have obscured the main offenders in our 1908 show. The act of uncovering them at least reveals what is done to human nature by the secret agencies of men who have grown ruthless in success.



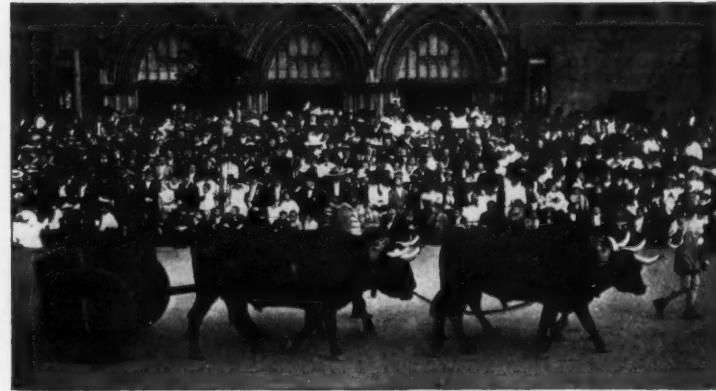
Children's Day Exercises in front of Independence Hall



Virginians coming to attend Congress, 1775



The early Swedish settlers of Pennsylvania



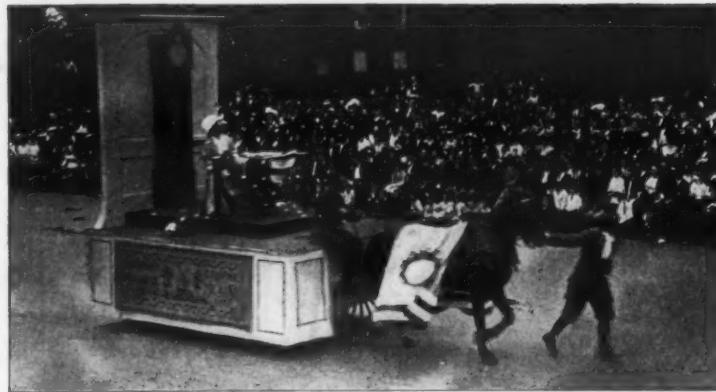
Robert Morris's ox-train transporting specie, 1781



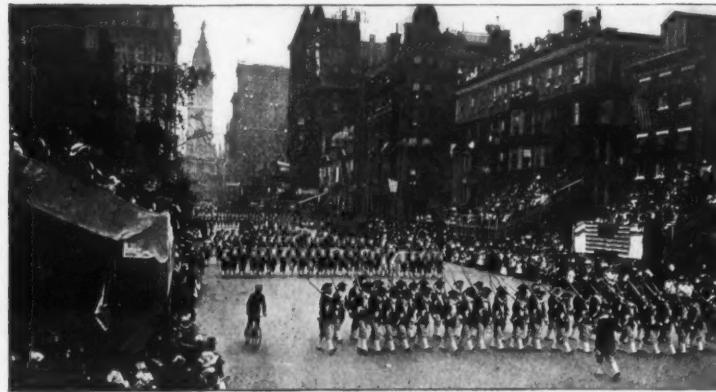
The "Onrest," first ship to enter the Delaware, 1616



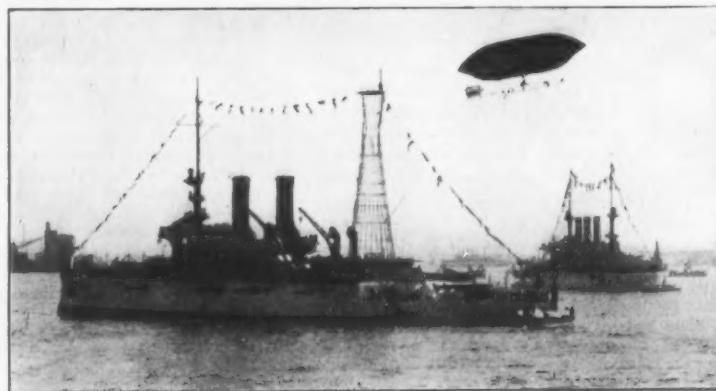
Taking the Liberty Bell out of the city, 1777



Betsy Ross making the American flag



Entrance of Sir William Howe's troops into the city, 1777



Beachey's airship passing over the "Idaho"



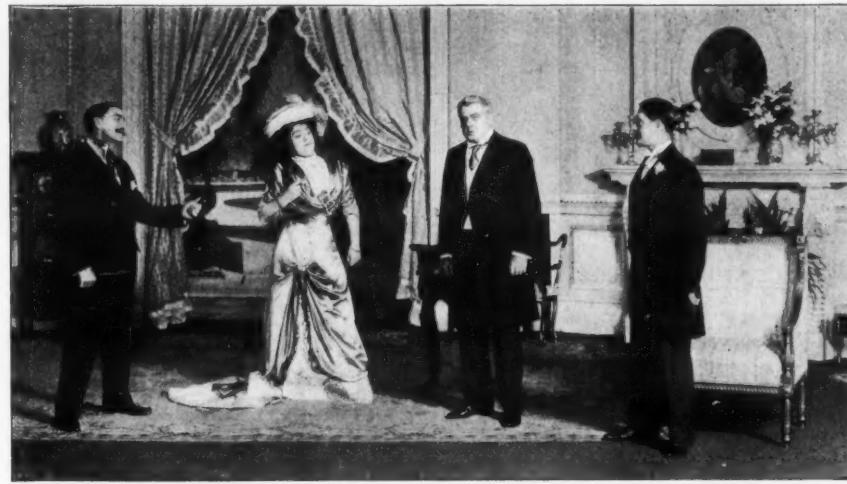
Welsh followers of William Penn, about 1702

At Elsinore

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

OUT of the golden mist around the sun,—
The soft, pale mist that in the shadowing west
Touches the growing moon,—there cometh rest,
And swift day pauses ere its course is run;
The red-brown sails are furled, the haven won
The Sound is rippled only by the quest
Of darting gulls, who seem to have no nest
But curving waves that leeward glide or run:

A SUDDEN chill,—blasts from the Swedish shore
Are met by Danish blasts: no longer peace
Fills the pale air; the budding star-points see
The gulls exultant high and higher soar;
I hear them call: O! Man, let soft days cease,
If, in the tempest, we are high and free!



JOHN DREW IN "JACK STRAW"

On a Certain Ingratitude in Critics

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

HERE has been lately in the theatrical world of New York what the newspapers call an "agitation." The persons who appear chiefly agitated are some theatrical managers, and what caused their disquiet was the fact that certain people who will make a practise of going to the first night of each new play have become satiated and unenthusiastic. In interviews, well-known stars and managers complained that this clique of theater-goers attend every first night in a spirit of hostility. They charge that these professional first-nighters dare the emotional actress to make them weep, and the comedian to make them smile; that their hostility affects both the people on the stage and the people in the audience, that through them the success of the play that is making a bid for public favor, is jeopardized.

No one who goes often to the theater will be seriously alarmed by this charge. He will readily recognize the people at whose expense the managers are obtaining much space in the newspapers, and he knows that at the next *premiere* he will find them—the child actresses, the smart dressmakers, the Ladies of the Gold-Mesh Purses, and their escorts—as for years he has found them, occupying and decorating the best places it is in the power of the manager to give them. In the "agitation" he will see only the skilled hand of the press agent. He knows that in New York there is no manager who honestly believes the lady who pounds the table at Rector's with her vanity-box, and complains that "The Servant in the House" has not a laugh in it, can halt the run of that play, or that the gentlemen who in the mad, glad, bad days of our lawlessness took our money from us at the races can drive "The Man from Home" or "Paid in Full" back to the Bad Lands of one-night stands.

The agitation will bring no change. The press agents will have had their fun, the Death Watch will continue to sit in judgment.

For one, I should be as sorry to have a good play driven out of town as to have the professional first-nighters exiled from the front row. Through "having grown familiar with his face," I have come to regard each of them as an old friend. Consider how dull a first night would be without the flash of their white waistcoats, without their bulging shirt fronts bursting with fat pink pearls. Contemplate, if you dare, the absence of the beautiful Ladies of the Gold-Mesh Purses, who sometimes graciously turn their lorgnettes from the hats in the boxes to watch our poor efforts on the stage.

The First-Nighter

ND, to those of us who are "the public's obedient servant," and who are trying by our acting or our playwriting to rob it of its good money, the first-nighter is a valuable, indispensable asset. If he likes your play, or your acting, he will come to see it, not only once on the first night but many times. And it is not an admission ticket that will satisfy him! He wants a two-dollar seat, and, "If you haven't any left, give me the stage-box." And he comes prejudiced in your favor by the best dinner Sherry has to offer, and fortified by vintage champagne against the worst you may have to offer him.

Let him protest no matter how loudly, I know of no manager in New York who is going to turn that man away from the box-office.

No, it is not the first-nighter who on a first night is a nuisance, it is not against him that we should harden our hearts. But, there is a professional first-nighter, a man from Missouri, a man not "flushed with wine," but apparently driven by the whips of dyspepsia, or, it may be, remorse. You all know him. You have all seen him. He sits alone, on the aisle, stern-visaged, sad-eyed, unloving, unbeloved. He is called a dramatic critic. If we are to "agitate," let us agitate against that man.

There was a day when the dramatic critic took the play, and the players, seriously. Now he takes himself

seriously. For the critic and the player this new attitude of mind is one much to be regretted. It impairs the usefulness of both.

To-day, dramatic critics might be divided into two classes: the misanthrope, who has set his standard so high that in the modern theater he can see nothing to enjoy, and nothing to praise; and, the newspaper comedian, who regards the men and women on the stage only as persons in a pillory. Owing to some strange inertia on the part of the public, he has acquired the right to hurl at actors and actresses impudent personalities, witticisms, sometimes cruel jests that fester and leave a scar. To some men, the mere fact that a fellow human being is in the stocks, unable to retaliate, already a figure for laughter, is reason enough for passing him in silence, with averted eyes. But the low-comedy critic is not paid to be magnanimous. If by a flash of his wit he can make his readers laugh, even though it send a leading lady into hysterics or sets an actor swearing, he is satisfied. To him, to see his name on an ash-can, under some such stirring quotation from his deathless prose as "A chuckle every minute," "It will make Comstock sit up," is Fame. It is his business, by ridicule, to send chorus girls sobbing to bed, to cause bellhops and hall-room boys to grin. This is what we may call the Ash-barrel School of Criticism, and he is not a serious proposition. We may pass him by for his more important colleague.

The Gold and the Dross

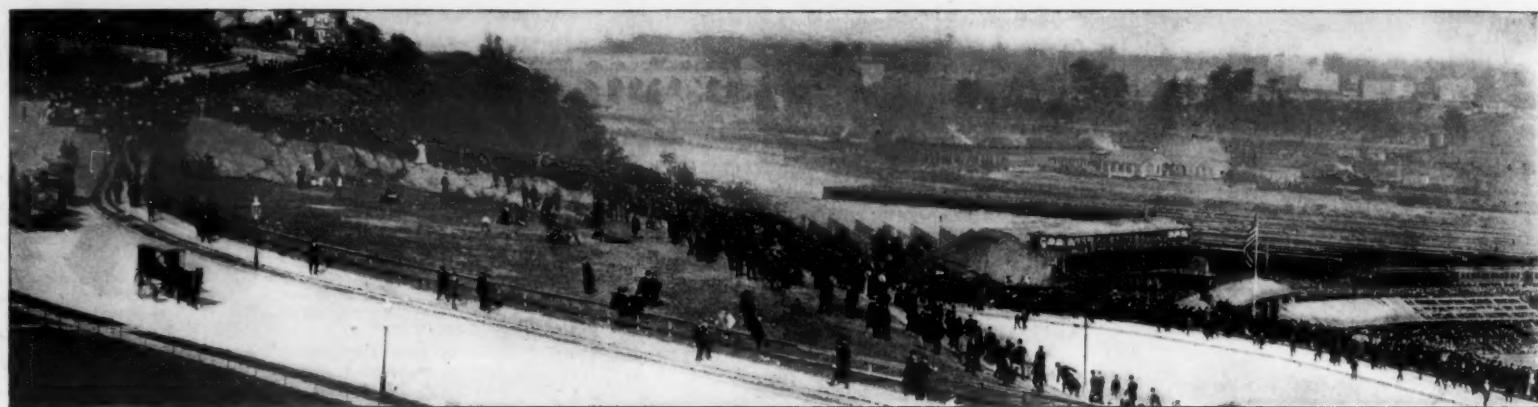
HE crime I impute to these gentlemen is lack of gratitude. The misanthropes among the critics go to the theater prepared to scoff; they sometimes remain to praise. Instead of seeking out the few precious nuggets, and rejoicing over them as a miner over a piece of gold, they see only the rock and sand and dirt in which the gold may lie concealed. Personally, I always go to the theater expecting to enjoy myself. If I didn't expect to enjoy myself, I would not go. And, though that is only the point of view of the mere theater-goer, even a dramatic critic might occasionally profit by it. To this he might answer that I go only for pleasure, while he goes because it is his business to do so. But, if it makes him unhappy to be a dramatic critic, there are other callings open to him, and for which, it may be, he is better fitted. If he should still desire a profession in which, as is the case with his present one, his victim can not answer back, he might become a college professor, a Chautauqua lecturer, a dentist.

In any event, I am sure it was in this spirit of gratitude that the critics of earlier days set forth to the playhouses. In all that Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt have told us of the drama of their day is not this written plain? Can you not see them entering a playhouse, not only hoping, but asking to be pleased? What they wrote is generous, eager. They were GLAD to be able to say a good word. What an education on a first night to have sat near them in the pit and noted the seriousness with which they accepted each serious effort, with what gratitude they gave their recognition, with what readiness they bestowed their applause! It seems to me that, after the selfish pleasure one gets in going to the theater, the next best fun would be the privilege of pointing out to others, in a paper of a million readers, where they might find that same delight. And how much greater a privilege it must be to be able to tell, through the same medium, that person whose charm, talent, or genius you admire that the work he or she is doing is good, lasting, healthful, and inspiring. When a few months ago a New York critic rolled up his sleeves, and, casting caution and tradition to the winds, proclaimed the triumph of Bessie McCoy to his several hundreds of thousands of readers, I could have walked a good many miles to thank him. I had not then seen that young lady, I had not heard her sing. I was not then, as I am now, with the rest of the world, kneeling at her feet; but to read what that man wrote was as refreshing as rain in the springtime. It was generous, enthusiastic, unselfish. And, much as I admire the Yama Yama lady, I as much more admire the critic who was grateful, and who was not ashamed to say so. Why to-day should it be so difficult to write a kind word, to pay the generous compliment, to signal, across the footlights, a deserving "Well done, Condor!"

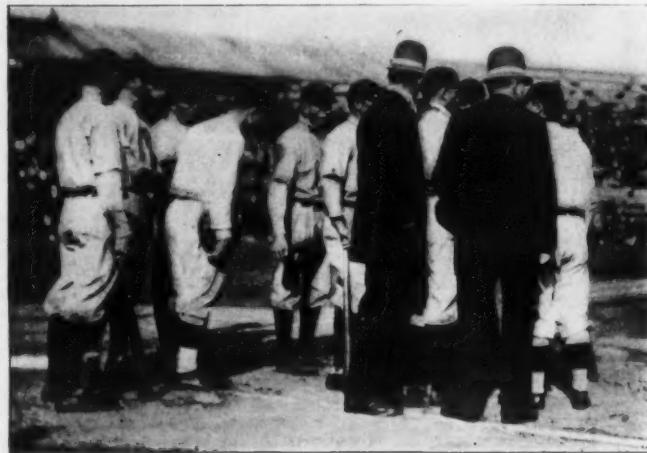
To be able, each morning, to point out to a million people the thing that is worthy in play-acting or play-writing, futile as play-acting and play-making are to many people, seems to me a delightful responsibility. But of availing himself of it the modern critic is not particularly eager.

Among the critics the most distinguished writer of English, and the one the others have presumably taken for their model, is Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the "Times" of London. His pose is typical. It explains and justifies all that is written here. A few days ago he attended the first night of the new play by the distinguished and delightful J. M. Barrie, and was generously pleased to like it. But, in his review, this is the concluding paragraph: "After all, it is sometimes a piece of real luck and happiness to spend an evening in the theater."

That is the attitude of mind toward the theater, of our present-day critics. After all, it sometimes happens to them that they can spend an evening in a playhouse and still be happy. What a light this throws on the lives of these martyrs! Consider the hard conditions of their servitude! To be condemned, night after night, to listen to bright speeches spoken by clever people, to music sung by trained voices, to watch the dancing of beautiful women, and, worst of all, to be surrounded by hundreds of ignorant human beings who find pleasure in these things, who are rocking with laughter, beating their palms in idiotic enjoyment. What a contempt the critics must feel for us! How lonely they must be! What an ass Mr. Walkley certainly is!



From "Coogan's Bluff," thousands of "fans" viewed the baseball game of October 8, between the Chicago and New York teams for the championship of the National League



An "argument" between the players before the game



Resourceful "fans"



More than 35,000 persons were in the grounds and on the roof

The Deciding Game

The Brief Story of "Larry" Doyle's Opportunity and of His Failure to Grasp It

By WILL IRWIN

YOUNG Larry Doyle walked out from the recess wherein the New York players fumed and fretted on their bench—a score of hardened professional baseball players behaving like a college nine. Before Doyle lay that opportunity which, we are officially informed, comes to a man only once in one lifetime. Tangibly, opportunity presented itself as a wide, circular bank of human beings who were straining their throats to call him by his first name. Inside that circle was a green field dotted with nine men in gray who were the Chicago National League team. Also, three New York players in white uniforms danced and fretted on the bases—which explains partly why Larry Doyle was facing oblivion or immortality as he moved in his little, choppy walk to the plate. Score, 4 to 1 against: three men on bases, no outs.

That does not explain it all, however. The events which neared a climax as Doyle approached the plate are part of national history. In the last month of the National League schedule for 1908, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh struggled neck and neck. Chicago, perhaps the greatest playing machine ever known to the game, had been pegging along against an adverse fate which had brought twenty injuries in the course of one season. New York, less finished in method, but more powerful individually, had been clinging to its place by hard slugging and by the pitching of Mathewson the masterful. Pittsburgh had Hans Wagner, the man who knows that he is going to hit the ball whenever he faces the pitcher. On September 23, New York and Chicago met in the final game of their last series for 1908. The score was a tie until the last half of the ninth inning. With two out, a man on third, and Merkle, a young player, on first, Bridwell, the New York shortstop, made a one-base hit. The man on third came home. The audience poured into the field, for that should have won the game; in the eyes of New York it did win it. But—

Merkle, seeing the run come home, clung to the habits of the bush league from which they recruited him. He ignored the hollow formality of touching second base and sauntered toward the club-house. The alert Chicago players heaved the ball to second base. The umpires, under strict interpretation of the rules, had only one thing to do. They declared Merkle forced out, the run no good, the score a tie. The riot which followed this decision gave the teams no chance to play off the tie on that day.

Followed official protests and newspaper recriminations and much ferocity. President Pulliam of the

League stood by his umpires and declared the game a tie. The League directors, on appeal, confirmed this decision. New York, proceeding with the schedule, found that Philadelphia had a young pitcher named Covaleskie, whom they could not hit, and Chicago had its ups and downs with Cincinnati. It became a possibility, a probability, a certainty, that the National League pennant for 1908 would depend on the play-off of that tie game. In the fortnight which brought this certainty, the baseball belt forgot everything else, even the national campaign. The finish in the American League, where Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago fought it out to the last game, did nothing to allay the excitement. A studious and serious soul, far out of touch with the currents of modern thought, traveled down the Michigan peninsula with a political special taking delegates to a convention in Detroit. He asked the delegates what they thought of Taft's chances. "Debs for Taft," said the statesmen; "did you know that Matty never faced Mordecai, Miner, Three-Fingered Brown and got away with the goods?" The most conservative Chicago newspapers gave baseball news preferred position on the front page. New York cafés took out their tickers—the crowds which struggled and cheered about them of late afternoons had become too much of a nuisance.

The Opening of the Great Game

HEY played off the tie in New York. All Chicago abandoned business to watch the bulletin-boards. All New York tried to get into the Polo Grounds. At a quarter of two, when the police closed all entrances and turned a hose on the crowd to preserve public safety, the park held nearly 30,000 people. In the streets outside or on Coogan's Bluff, where boys had been camping out all night, raged an overflow mob of 40,000 or 250,000 people, according to the newspaper which did the counting. In the boxes and stands was all New York that is New York—financial, artistic, dramatic, and Tammany. The brokers, stockholders, authors, and theatrical managers in the boxes made as much noise, showed as much violence, as the butcher on the bleachers or the office-boy on Coogan's Bluff; and the only bottle thrown at the Chicago catcher came from a section where it took both money and pull to get a seat.

When the five Chicago pitchers lined up like a chorus before the grand stand and began to shake out their arms, the noise became continuous. No "bursts of cheering" as at the hot passages of a minor game—just a tremendous, unbroken noise. It had, however, its emotional inflections. It was high and rather thin when the drawn, serious Mathewson stepped into the box and

felt the footing with his toes; low and wailing when Frank Chance, the Chicago leader, strode out on his bow-legs and cast his cool eye, which commands men, over the phalanxes of his enemies; deep, barking, and guttural when Chance and McGinnity stood by the plate and argued with waving arms over right to the practise field. Now New York had the field by full right, and now a bell must have rung somewhere, for Sheppard, the first Chicago batter, was at the plate, with Umpire Johnstone, facing death in a hundred forms, crouched behind the catcher.

Chasing Pfeister to the Bench

MATHEWSON, the mathematician of baseball, cast his eye over the team behind him, motioned this or that fielder to shift his position, measured Sheppard up and down with his eye, and made that easy motion of delivery which is the surprise of Mathewson—the speed of the ball is so disproportionate to his apparent effort. Strike one. The New York substitutes lost their professional calm and waved their legs up and down in excitement. Now Sheppard was out, now Evers, now Schulte—a clean blank in the first inning. The continuous shouting in New York rose to its diapason; in Chicago, they say, one could hear distinctly the gongs of the electric cars on La Salle Street.

New York came to bat; from Coogan's Bluff to the press box every one saw that Chicago was presenting a left-handed pitcher. Chance, the fox, had hidden his intention. Having promised Brown or Reulbach or Overall, he had slipped in Pfeister, who has always puzzled the Giants.

On this one great day of the game, these case-hardened professionals played with all the seriousness, all the suppressed excitement, of a college nine. For a grudge they played it so, for supremacy in their profession, and for the \$2,000 a man which a world's championship series brings. With Pfeister, when he took the box, walked Chance on one hand and Kling on the other; and as they walked they gesticulated at him with all four hands. Pfeister hits a man. Donlin makes a two-base hit and scores a run, and now Chance, already hoarse from the words he has been saying to the umpire, saunters over to Pfeister and puts him out of the box with two men on the bases. Pfeister, as he goes, opens the lower left-hand corner of his mouth and talks over his shoulder at Umpire Klem all the way to the benches.

The roar of joy from the New York stands dies in a gasp. The man who has stepped into the box, the big fellow with the stodgy face, the loose, awkward walk,

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the tremendous shoulders—he is Three-fingered Brown, the ancient hoodoo of Christy Mathewson. No more runs that inning!

In the next inning a misjudged fly by the center fielder, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch too little control, perhaps a hundredth of an ounce too little power in those jumping curves of his—Mathewson is batted for one run, for two runs, for four runs!

It remained four to one through four silent innings, during which Mathewson steadied and held his own, during which Brown kept the New York batters tapping flies and grounders into the hands of the fielders. That Chicago infield, which seems to cover every inch of the diamond, killed yell after yell of New York exultation in its first syllable. Brown was pitching like a cannon, his team fielding like a machine.

And then the seventh, the inning when every one rises to stretch and to bring luck, by old tradition the rallying inning for New York. The gods of the superstitious served. A hit—a pass—a hit—the bases were full and no outs. And Mathewson, a pitcher and therefore a weak hitter, was next at bat. Manager McGraw of New York took sporting chances. He ordered Mathewson out of the game and put in Doyle, the regular second baseman, a heavy hitter, but just back from a month with the surgeons.

Of course, remembering that it was Merkle who dropped them into this hole, the dramatic, the artistic, thing to do would have been to lead Merkle up to the plate, hand him a bat, and say: "Now there's your chance; you did it. Undo it!" But McGraw is not an artist, only a crafty man of affairs. He simply picked the best batter on the bench and sent him in to bat for the championship and \$2,000. His fellows reverted to their childish back-lot days and crowded about Doyle, counseling with him over choice of bats, patting his shoulder, gesticulating before his face. Voices choked and tongues were thick, and a silence settled over the heart of New York.

Doyle was at the plate. Brown had made a pinwheel motion before his chest. The three New York runners crouched on the base lines. From the stands you could see the finish of Brown's inshout curl itself about Larry Doyle's neck. "Ball one!" The last long and sincere yell of the game. You could see the next one shoot toward the ground. "Strike one!" Resumption of silence. Brown made a pinwheel motion again. "Crack!" Doyle had hit it. The yell died. The ball was only a very high, straight foul, and Kling, the unerring, was waiting below to receive it. Doyle was already as good as out.

But one in the throng had presence of mind; one

unknown hero risked his liberty on a last stroke to save his city. As the ball reached its zenith and dropped, a pop-bottle shot past Kling's head and broke beside the plate. The ball dropped in Kling's mitt. The stratagem had failed. The monument "To an Unknown Fan" will never be built.

After that, although the bases were still full with only one out, both the New York mob, emitting sounds in plenty from the benches, and the Chicago populace, yelling triumph in street and club and theater, knew that further struggle was of no mortal use. It mattered not that McCormick came in on a sacrifice fly. That but ended the scoring at 4 to 2 in favor of Chicago. And may one who detested Brown and Chance on that day of many rancors, who split his throat for Mathewson and called on his gods for Doyle, be permitted to venture the opinion that the best team won?

In a Broadway café, that night, a man said: "If Seymour had the sense of an ordinary college player, he'd have run like fury first and looked for the ball afterward." And another man said: "Oh, cut it out!" And another said: "What do you think Taft's chances are?" And another one said: "Bryan is the real conservative."

The bubble had burst.



"BILLY" SUNDAY, OF THE OLD CHICAGO "WHITE STOCKINGS"

The All-America Baseball Team

An Old Baseball "Star's" Choice of Modern "Stars"

NAME an All-America team? That's no easy task, for the field is full of stars. There are by far a larger number of stars in the two major leagues to-day than at any other previous time, and to pick a team will be about as easy as taking a bone away from a bulldog or revising the tariff, and I believe even more difficult than revising the tariff, because more of the rank and file are interested in baseball.

As a fellow allows the splendid record of man

The Team	
Donlin, cf.	Cobb, rf.
Clarke, lf.	Lajoie, 2b.
Wagner, ss.	
Bradley, 3b.	Chance, 1b.
Mathewson, p.	Brown, p.
Joss, p.	Walsh, p.
Kling, c.	Johnson, p.
Bresnahan, c.	Waddell, p.
Hoffman and Isbell, utility infield	Sullivan, c.
	Stone, outfield

FIRST BASE and CAPTAIN—Chance. He has proved by past and present work that he is a great player, fast on the bases, a reliable batter, a great first "sacker," and a magnificent leader. Chase is a more finished player and very fast; and Tenney, if a few years younger, would make them all hustle. Jordan is also a great player.

SECOND BASE—Lajoie. He works as noiselessly as a Corliss engine, makes hard plays easy, is great in a pinch, and never gets "cold feet." Evers is coming at a furious clip—thinks quickly and acts like a steel trap; he is second choice.

SHORTSTOP—Wagner. He is in a class alone. "Hats off to Hans!" I fail to find a flaw. He is always there with the goods, express charges prepaid. Wallace is next choice.

THIRD BASE—This is difficult to decide, but, all considered, I will give it to Bradley, although Steinfeldt and Devlin are princes in their positions. Bradley is great on "bunts," and as good a batter as the others—is fast on bases and a good thrower—big, angular, just the build for a third-baser, a run-getter, and runs win. Devlin is second choice.

RIGHT FIELD—Cobb. I think most players in both leagues, without protest, will give the palm to "Ty." He is as fast as the Twentieth Century Limited, and a "heady" player. Magee of the Phillips suits me too.

CENTER FIELD—Donlin. Mike is a ball player, every inch, works all the time. Some players are no good after they reach second; they have made their base hit, stolen second, and are satisfied, and they might as well cross the diamond to the bench; but Mike goes for all there is in him for the home-plate, and you must touch the rubber to count. Stone of St. Louis is second choice.

LEFT FIELD—Clarke of Pittsburg looks good to me. He is in the game all the way. Jones of the Sox has all the earmarks, but after wrestling with the problem for three hours, it's Clarke.

PITCHERS—And now I am up against it good and hard for pitchers. There are a multitude of headliners. Rhoades, McQuillen, Powell, Cy Young, White, Donovan, Smith, Willis, Overall, Reulbach, Wiltse, and half a dozen others, but I would choose Mathewson, Brown, Walsh, Joss, Johnson, and Waddell, assuming that "Rube's" eccentricities are not overemphasized. For consistent work, under all conditions, and to meet all clubs and make good, week in and week out, and go all the way, I pick the above. I choose Johnson because he is young and has shown himself a wonder, and I believe him destined to be a great pitcher.

CATCHERS—Kling, Bresnahan, Sullivan. Kling is a general, runs the team when behind the bat—the pitchers bank on his judgment. Bresnahan is more aggressive, but a clean fighter. Sullivan is as reliable as Texas for a Democratic majority.

UTILITY MEN—Stone for outfield, Hoffman and Isbell for infield. I regard Hoffman and "Issy" as the best utility men in the business—you can assign them any position and they are there with the "cap and bells."

after man to pass before him for criticism, he feels more and more the danger of reflecting discredit upon men who are worthy the highest praise and fullest confidence. In the choice of men for some positions there can be no question as to whom a man should select; but, after all, this naming of an All-American team only calls forth personal opinion, and sometimes that personal opinion can not be taken too seriously.

For example: In naming my men the list filled long before I had exhausted the line of favorites. I look over my All-American and I can not dismiss even one man, yet around me are men whom I would name—men good as the very best—but my list is full.

The boys know that all kingly men can not sit upon a throne, and with the knowledge of other worthy men I proceeded to enthroned a few as all-Americans.



as a rule, are the best class of hale-fellows-well-met that can be found on the face of God's dirt. I would not have you be "grouchers" and "tight wads." No; if you were such, I could not be proud of the men of my old profession, but sometimes a man is a "good fellow" to his own hurt, and to the hurt of his loved ones.

Fellows, listen to me! You will not always be in the "spot light." Your eye will grow dim—you will get a "glass arm" or a "Charley horse"—down will come the "is" and up will go the "was" and you are all in, and pork and beans for yours. You work hard for your money. Get all you can and can all you get! Pass up the booze like a pay car does a tramp, or a W. C. T. U. Convention passes up a brewery wagon.

A Quick Decision

NOW a clip from history and I'll break my quill, for I am not a scribe anyway. It was just twenty-two years ago that I walked down State Street, Chicago, in company with some ball players whose names were world-renowned. We dropped into a booze-joint, tanked up, and sauntered down to the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, where we sat on the curbstone to listen to some men and women who stood on the street corner singing gospel hymns—songs that I had heard my dear old mother sing in the old log cabin out in Iowa. A feeling irresistible shot through me and I bowed my head to hide the tears. Then I said "Good-by, boys, I am done with this way of living." And, saying this, I dropped into the Pacific Garden Mission, at 100 East Van Buren Street, and yielded myself to God. But the battle came later, when I joined the church and the newspapers printed columns of comment. I dreaded to go to the grounds to practise for fear of the "horse laugh" the boys would give me; but, imagine my surprise, when I walked in the first man to meet me was Mike Kelly. Mike had a heart in him as big as a woman's heart. He said: "Bill, I ain't long on religion, but if old Kell can help you, let me know." Up came Cap. Anson, Pfeiffer, Williamson, Gore—in fact, every man gave me the "glad hand." That day we played Detroit, and in that game I prayed my first prayer. Clarkson was pitching, Kelly catching. John could sail them over so fast the thermometer would drop two degrees as the ball whizzed past the batter. We had them beat last half ninth, two were on bases, two out, Charley Bennett at bat. Charley could not touch a "high and in" ball, but could "kill" a low one. John shot one over and it went low—Charley caught it on the nose and out to right-center she came. It was up to me. I turned and ran with all my might, and I said: "O God! If ever you helped mortal man in your life, help me get that ball, and you haven't much time to decide." I looked over my shoulder and saw the ball near—I shot out my left hand, the ball struck and stuck. You can't convince me God did not help me that day, because I tried to "trot square."

And now, here is my heart! And here is my hand and best wishes to the boys and the greatest of all sports—baseball!

Present and Past

HERE has never been witnessed such a magnificent contest as has been fought this year. No wonder the strain proved too much for my friend Frank De Hass Robinson. I do not believe the individual players of to-day are superior in ability to those of twenty years ago. Who can surpass such giants of the diamond as Ewing, Kelly, Conner, Keefe, Bennett, Anson, Pfeiffer, Dunlap, Brouthers, Galvin, Clarkson, Radbourne, O'Rourke, Comiskey, Browning, Nash, Gore, and old Sam Thonson? However, the game has become more scientific; in fact, baseball, or at least the teamwork, is now a perfect science, while formerly it was a "battling fest."

Now, in conclusion, I want to say a word to the boys of the diamond, those who are now in their prime. You will not take this as a "preachment"—you will take the advice of an "old-timer" in the spirit in which it is given, for I am deeply interested in you. Ball players,

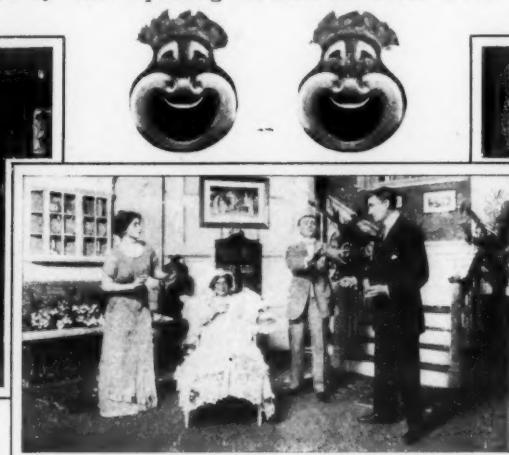
Plays and Players

Two English and Two American Plays of the Opening Season in New York

By ARTHUR RUHL



MISS BLANCHE BATES IN "THE FIGHTING HOPE"



MISS CARLISLE AND MR. COYNE IN "THE MOLLUSC"



SCENE FROM "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"

AFTER young Mrs. Baxter had successfully eluded all his attempts to get her to put the flowers in water, Mr. Tom Kemp told his sister flatly that she was nothing more than a mollusc. It had been a long and stubborn battle, with a peculiarly humiliating conclusion—inasmuch as he had warned Mr. Baxter and the governess to watch what he would do—but, exasperated as he was, he put the facts mildly. This beautiful young woman was infuriating.

The Baxters lived in a country house, about thirty miles from London. One can imagine many houses similar to it, thirty miles or even less than that from New York—where all is sanitary, serene, and comfortable, and neither irregular hours nor undue enthusiasms, nor smoking in the parlor, nor wearying thought is permitted to cloud the mirror of the still domestic pond.

Mrs. Baxter was perfectly healthy, extremely good-looking, and she had a complete disinclination for exertion, physical or mental, of any kind whatsoever. With her beauty, a selfishness so complete as to have become quite unconscious, and a diabolical skill in placing other people at a disadvantage, she succeeded in avoiding all exertion and in bullying every one about her as completely as a school bully tyrannizes over younger boys with his superior strength. It was not by force, but by absolute inertia, that she did things. Her soft and indolent loveliness was as hard to penetrate as a battleship's armor or the walls of a Port Arthur. She would send her husband or the poor governess on the most abominably unnecessary errands with the confiding smile of one imparting some intimate joke, only understood by the two. Poor, patient, grandmotherly Mr. Baxter was hempecked, not by force or shrewishness, but by his own uxoriousness and his wife's placid mollusery.

Not that she whined or refused to do things—she didn't refuse to put the flowers in water. Indeed, she was glad to arrange them, if Tom would but bring her a vase—and as she was comfortably reclining with a novel at the time, Tom found it no more than decent to get the vase, although he had firmly determined that his sister should do it all, without help. The vase brought, there was the water to be thought of, and the nearest tap was outside in the garden. Tom got the water, too, at last, and now was she ready to arrange the flowers? Yes, all ready, Tom, but I must go upstairs and get my apron first. What—ridiculous? Why, he surely wouldn't have her spoil that new frock for a few flowers, would he? Meanwhile, there lay the flowers wilting, and the result was, as always, that Mrs. Baxter had her way and some one else did the work. It was a sort of Doll's House, with a voluntary Nora.

It was the same when Miss Roberts wanted to leave. Miss Roberts was herself a lady who had lost all her family in a shipwreck and been forced to become a governess. She was capable and thoughtful and self-sacrificing, and hands, feet, and brain for Mrs. Baxter. The governess felt, however, that the children needed a better teacher and that it was her duty to go, but it was impossible to get Mrs. Baxter to discuss the matter. She was always too tired, or some convenient errand appeared. The poor young lady might actually have been immured there until she was old and gray, had not Tom Kemp come back from Colorado.

It is the latter's efforts to cure his sister's mollusery and, incidentally, to woo Miss Roberts which supplies the slight action necessary to propel this original and altogether delightful comedy. One expects, of course, a sort of Katharine and Petruchio result, but the author has had the happy insight not to permit any improbable reformation. Only once does the young woman show the slightest human appreciation of her own enormities, and that is when, as her brother furiously informs her that she is wearing that lovely dressing-gown and lying on the divan pretending to be sick merely because she knows it makes her look pretty, a beauteous smile slowly spreads over her face, and she slips down a little bit farther on the pillow, with the egoistic rapture of one slipping slowly into a hot bath. She is, to be sure, galvanized into pseudo-activity when her husband instinctively turns to the governess after spraining his ankle—Mrs. Baxter had sent him upstairs to move the furniture

—and she undertakes to act as nurse. Even here, however, she is quite true to her character and more complacent than ever, smilingly oblivious to the fact that her husband is writhing in pain, she is vigorously winding the bandage around his leg over boots, trousers, and all as the curtain falls.

None of the other plays thus far presented this season has the fine, deft completeness of this. There are only four characters (would it not be an amusing intellectual exercise to take this almost Ibsen-like household—indolent wife, enchanted husband, trim, capable governess usurping the former's place—and try to rewrite the play as Ibsen would have written it!) and the whole flows as naturally as a brook. Slight as it is, it is more like Molière—this interest centered from first to last in the satirical exposition of one character—than most comedies of the day.

Mrs. Baxter was played by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, and after basking in the latter's loveliness for two hours and a half, it is difficult to imagine that the part was written for any one else. Possibly it wasn't. Mr. Joseph Coyne, familiar of old in musical comedy, comes back from England as a regular comedian. He lacked distinction, but as Tom Kemp is supposed to have just returned from a rough-and-tumble life in Western mining camps, his defects conveniently merged into the requirements of the part. Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson made an excellent ladylike governess, and Mr. Forrest Robertson a really remarkable, highly domesticated husband, even to the least well-meaning, helpless intonation of his voice. "The Mollusc" was written by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, author of "Cousin Kate." It is one of those all too infrequent plays which really contribute something. It answers successfully the question—why, when life itself is so rich and interesting and there are so many remarkable real people to meet and listen to, should any one ever want to pay money to be shut up in a theater?

FURTHER PETRIFICATION OF MR. JOHN DREW

ANOTHER English play, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw," does not successfully answer this question. This piece represents about the shallowest type of entertainment devised by contemporary man. It is a "society" play, without either the wit or the graceful sentiment which are such plays' only excuse for being. Much of the interest centers in the vulgarities of a new-rich family, especially of the Malapropian Mrs. Parker Jennings. Such people are by no means new to the stage, yet Mr. Maugham seems almost to go out of his way to put into their mouths all the oldest, most hackneyed lines, and instead of treating them with good-humored tolerance, and letting the audience laugh at their amusing pretensions and awkwardness, he has the artistic tactlessness to make them so shockingly mean and brutal that the spectator's instinct promptly revolts. He feels that the author is not giving his characters a sporting chance—few can be as relentless as the British when they turn to rend their own—and the genial sparkle of comedy is hopelessly lost.

Mr. Drew plays the part of an adventurous Pomeranian archduke who delights in knocking about the world in various disguises. He first meets and is insulted by the Jenningses, while acting as a waiter in a London hotel. He is later introduced to them as the archduke by people who think he is only a waiter, and presently tell the Jenningses so, when the joke seems to be going so far. Odd complications naturally arise, and it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Drew does the little required of him with perfect ease.

He enters, touches a hand to his cravat, delivers a few lines of that quaint, "modish" patter of his, with final g's dropped, turns a hand back-upward at about the level of his lower coat pocket and deprecatingly surveys his finger-nails, sits down and with light deliberation flecks his right trousers leg along the crease; presently, with a line which leaves him master of the situation, stalks out of the door at the rear of the stage, elbows slightly out, like some curious, stiff-necked, extremely aristocratic bird. It is rather useless to con-

sider the artistic merits of such a play, because, in this case, the public wants primarily to see, not the play but Mr. Drew—not what Mr. Drew could do, even now, nor what he might naturally have become had he not petrified so early, but the reduced, conventionalized, smoothly enameled and highly solidified general John Drew idea which the public seems to demand. They get it and are apparently satisfied.

AN HONEST SENATOR DISCOVERED

THE first act of "A Gentleman from Mississippi" takes us to Washington, at the beginning of the Congressional session and to the lobby of the International Hotel. Senator Langdon, the new Senator from Mississippi, is just about to arrive with his fiery young son and his two pretty daughters. Any one who knows those antique caravansaries well down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, where the Southern statesmen gather with their wives and daughters in the patriarchal Southern way, will easily recognize the place and be entertained with its truth to life.

We hear the gossip of the hotel clerk and the cigar-man and the newspaper "boys." We observe the negro porters and the broken-down old Union colonel, who uses the hotel's easy chairs and stationery—"because, sir, it would grieve my daughter in Illinois to think that I was not able to afford a room in a good hotel." The wicked reactionary Senators—Peabody of Pennsylvania and Stevens of Mississippi—pass through, telling how they have elected the guileless Langdon to use him for their predatory purposes. Then the Senator arrives, shakes hands affably with the clerk and the cigar-man, introduces his daughters to both with quaint, formal courtesy. He is surprised not to find in the cigar-case a "Yazoo Belle" and other brands with which he is familiar. Young "Bud" Haines, correspondent of the New York "Star," interviews the new Senator, and is visibly attracted by his daughters. The boy and the old gentleman strike up a friendship at once and the former engages to act as the latter's secretary as the curtain goes down. All in all an excellent first act, full of truth and humor and promise of interesting things to come.

When the action begins, however, the authors are scarcely so successful. The political maneuvers, worked out with such apparent satisfaction by the people on the stage, are almost too infantile. The climax which honest Senator Langdon promises scarcely arrives. It is stated, rather than made visible, dramatically. Nevertheless, there is a certain suspense, the reactionaries are worsted, the naval station goes to Altacooala without profiting the Standard Steel Company, and "Bud" Haines wins Miss Hope Langdon's heart and hand.

This is the first appearance of Mr. Harrison Rhodes as a playwright, although he is known to magazine readers. Mr. Thomas A. Wise assisted in writing the play, and he also acts the principal part and makes the honest old Senator very natural and likable indeed. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is breezy and attractive as the young reporter. It was a pretty device of the authors to put these two together—the sophisticated youth serving as political guide and friend to his simple old employer. The play is not remarkable, but it is agreeable, and, with its lively contemporary quality, ought to be popular.

AN AMERICAN WON'T-GROW-UP

MATER," the other of these two plays by young Americans, is the work of Mr. Percy Mackaye, whose "Jeanne d'Arc" Miss Marlowe played a few seasons ago, and whose "Sappho and Phaon" was an all too brief, if a trifle exotic, episode of last winter. In this "American study in comedy," Mr. Mackaye speaks in prose and employs the material surfaces, at least, of our every-day life. And as he does this without sacrificing imagination or beauty of expression, the result is something much more suited to our own time than even excellent experiments in the antique poetic drama.

The play is a sort of prose fantasy, in which Mr. Mackaye enters those more intimate human regions explored by Mr. Barrie in "Peter Pan" and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." "Mater," that is to say, concerns itself

(Continued on page 21)

Writing and Playwriting

The Difference: "Novels are Written, Plays are Rewritten"

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The Theatrical Rest Cure

(From *The Confessions of a Pessimistic Playwright*)

By WALLACE IRWIN

THE Managers say
That the Tired Business Man
He goes to a play
With the preconceived plan
Of seeing a show
Where he's not asked to think.
(And it's often I know
He's been driven to drink!)

HE doesn't want Plot
And he doesn't want theme;
Some songs and a lot
Of bright lights are the scheme
Which his soul most invites
After T. B. M. dines;
So they give him bright lights
For the lack of bright lines.

A FUNNY Act born
Of both slapstick and slang
An Infant might scorn
As too rattlety-bang;
But the Man, tired of rush,
Craves the Noisily Dull
Like a cushion of mush
Round his overworked skull.

AS for Sentiment's part—
Well, on *that* he'll be fed
If it touches his heart
Without scratching his head;
And of Love he is fond
If you'll give him a sop—
But, oh, *don't* go beyond
The light skimmings on top!

HANG a Farce on the peg
Of some silly romance,
Slow a fluff and a leg
In a song and a dance:
He is charmed, he is thrilled
To Life's uttermost span—
All the Cosmos is filled
For the Tired Business Man.

AND they say with accord
When his office is locked
He is easily bored
But not easily shocked.
With the rottenest play
And the playfullest rot
He will finish his day
And then home to his cot.

THIS the Managers tell
To the T. B. M.'s shame;
But I wonder—ah, well!—
Is the T. B. to blame?
If he swallows the worst
That the Managers give
Should they call him a curst?
If he *can*, let him live!

WHEN a novelist delivers the manuscript of a book to his publisher his troubles are over. He can go away and forget about it or sit down and write another book. But when a dramatist turns over the "script" of his play to the stage-manager his troubles have just begun. Also, for that matter, his fun, for putting on a play is probably the most trying and amusing experience of the whole writing industry.

In fiction the author designs and finishes the whole work, from conception to execution, like a painter of pictures. The manuscript of his story is practically the finished product as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewritten instead of type. But the manuscript of a play is no more a play which people will pay money to see than an architect's blue-print is a house for a family to live in.

It is all there potentially—or ought to be—just as the complete house can be visualized by the architectural imagination, from water-tight garret to rat-proof cellar, with the effect of shadows under the eaves, vines on the walls, and the tone of time over all. The playwright can see every gesture, hear every syllable, feel the effect of every little pause and shading—far more charmingly in his mind, by the way, than he will ever realize in actuality. He can even hear a "storm of applause."

Some Human Limitations

BUT to achieve these concrete results in actuality, the architect and the playwright have to take into account not only their own more or less magnificent limitations, like the artist and the novelist; but also, unlike these, who stand or fall by their own talents, unhampered (and unaided), they must take into account, whether it suits their artistic consciences or not, the extremely human limitations of a number of other human beings, and the natural depravity of inanimate objects—bricks, memory, prejudices, parsimony, recklessness, rocks, trades unions, mortar-mixers, managers, time-tables, painters (scene and house), actresses, ambitions, solvency, stupidity, skill. Here is where the trouble and the fun and the differences come in. A playwright has to work with and through a number of other human beings, some of whom are trying to work the playwright.

Plays are not written to be read. If they were they would be written differently. They are written to be played, quite as much as music is written to be played. If you can really "get more out of a play by reading it" than by seeing it played, then it must be a case of a bad play or bad players. In a successful piece a few seasons ago there was a nursery scene. The children are at supper. Their grandmother comes in. She is unpopular there, and the audience soon perceives it by their manner. Presently the grandmother retires. The children at once burst into a charming pandemonium of rejoicing, shouting in their treble voices, and beating upon the china with their knives and forks. It was very interesting and effective. The "script" reads something like this:

Exit GRANDMOTHER

First Child—Grandmama's gone
(beats on table with knife).

Second Child—Grandmama's gone (same business).

Third Child—Grandmama's gone (same business).

So some of the literary critics when this play was published said the dialogue was deadly. It was not written to be read.

When it comes to the very practical undertaking of putting on a play, the analogy to the architect's problem breaks down—to the advantage of the architect. Every man thinks his own profession the most difficult that civilization has yet evolved—because, as a rule, he sees only the finished results of other professions from the point of view of a consumer. Architects have other troubles besides strikes, panics, and clients' wives, but, at all events, when they specify one T-shaped steel girder 22 feet 6 inches long, they get it. A playwright can specify one willow-shaped, beautiful leading lady, 5 feet 7, with great charm and an aristocratic bearing. But suppose they are out of them? Perhaps the one he needed is now playing in "The Cuckoo Clock" or "The Woman He Might Have Married." Suppose he gets one who looks the part, but has too much temper or too little temperament. Suppose she insists upon grabbing the hero's hands in the love scenes, ably abetted by the stage-manager. ("By the way, possibly, perhaps—do you think you would do quite that, under the circumstances?" asks the playwright tactfully. "Sure! If I was crazy about him!") Suppose her feelings are hurt,

and at the last moment she leaves the cast (for a better engagement or where she can have the star's dressing-room). A raw understudy is pushed in, and this is not a very strong girder to hold the house with.

(Just note, in passing, the advantages of my own profession. A fiction writer can have as beautiful a heroine in his book as he likes, and she can't get out. She can be more beautiful than any heroine ever was before. If you don't believe it he will tell you so again for several pages, along with what she is thinking and what she did and where she was day before yesterday. For he is under no necessity to finish in three hours to enable the commuters to catch their trains—they can read his story on the train. And in addition to all her other qualities described, she can have an indescribable something. Now, no leading lady can have that. If she had, the press agent would lose his job.)

Another drawback to writing plays is that you have to read them. You have to read them aloud. An architect does not live in the house he builds. He can "express himself" in his work, and then, like the fiction writer, go away and build other houses and let his client revise the frozen plumbing system. The playwright not only must read his play before and after its several revisions ("novels are written, plays are rewritten") to the manager while the latter discusses bookings with some one in a distant State over the long-distance telephone and dictates replies to letters which he holds in the other hand, but also, which is worse, to the whole company.

It is no use reminding them that it is for their own good and hurts you more than it does them. They don't look at it that way. They are only thinking about their own parts, which by a singular coincidence happen to be the "smallest" they have condescended to in years. They consider this a personal slight by the author, who has never seen half of them before. They feel all the more unappreciated when during rehearsals he fails to take their kindly-meant suggestions for rectifying this oversight, and thus "strengthen the whole play." Lines, more lines, are what they want—and naturally; lines are their nuggets. "I beg your pardon, but I was just thinking."

Some of these suggestions are so laughable that it is hard not to laugh. Others are excellent. If all were followed the commuters would not get out of town until after the milk trains came in. Once during a critical stage of rehearsals, when every one was getting on every one else's nerves, with the women all weeping and the men all swearing, one member of the cast, given to this, came down to the unlighted footlights and began: "I was just thinking—"

"If you think again," came back from the dark orchestra, "you'll lose your job. You're here to act, not to think." He was probably an experienced dramatist. The inexperienced playwright is more likely to say: "Thank you. I'll see what can be done;" or, "When I wrote that part I little knew we were going to have you in it." Which is probably true. The manager had asked him to write out an ideal cast, and he handed in a list containing names like Richard Mansfield, William Gillette, Mrs. Fiske, and Julia Marlowe. This, by the way, was exactly what the manager wanted in order to gage the author's conception of the general type.

Afterward the manager consulted him about a less ideal cast. "How will John Jones do for the 'heavy'?"

"Jones?" asks the young playwright, wondering who in the world Jones is, and trying to look judicious. "Well, in some ways it would fit John like a glove. What do you think?"

"And now for the women. Any on this list suit you?"

The playwright probably picks out the one with the prettiest name, and then leaves the decision to the manager, who was going to decide it all along. Meanwhile the young playwright is beginning to feel his oats. He is consulted, or thinks he is, on so many matters, is called up on the telephone by actors out of a job, is requested to pass upon the models of the sets (miniature stages drawn to scale) to make sage suggestions about the paper (the bill-posters). Finally by the end of the month when the dress rehearsal is over, and the production is ready and great theater vans are bearing off his scenery for his play, with trunks labeled, "The King's Favorite Company (hotel)," or "The King's Favorite Company (theater)," and the press-agent has described his modest attainments immodestly, and the actresses hang upon his utterances, and the play is actually put on, it is no wonder if his head has increased. And if the play makes a hit he is likely to lose it entirely. The actors call this "authoritis."

In "stock-houses" where they offer a new play every week—two performances daily—there are, accordingly,

(Continued on page 22)

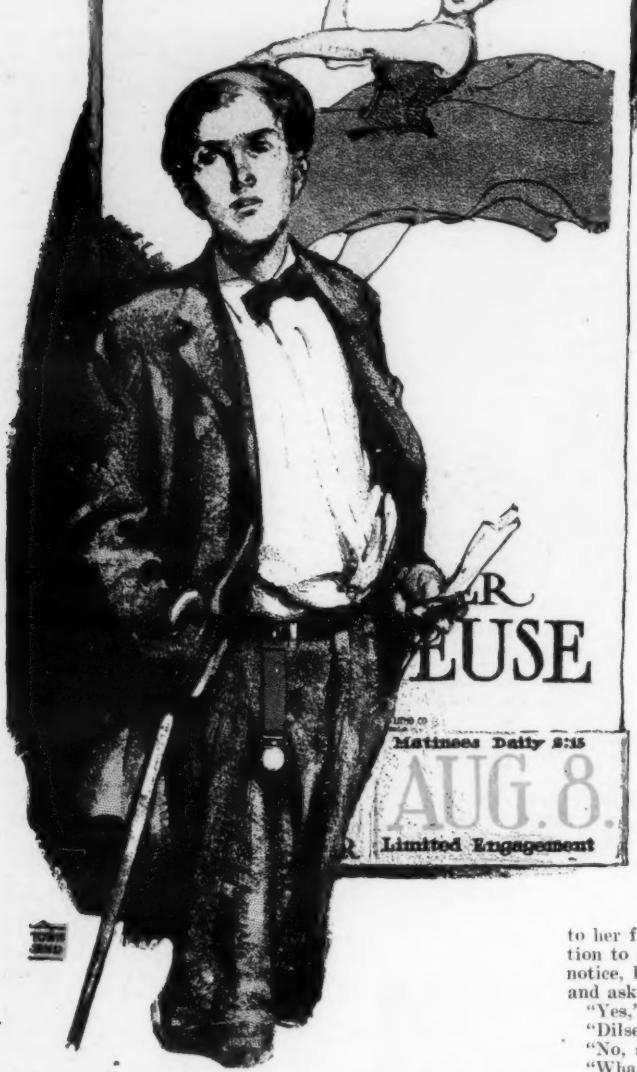


LULU GLASER
IN "Mlle. MISCHIEF"

Peter's Play

Which Was Not Wholly Without a Happy Ending

By VIRGINIA TRACY



unchallenged, but for those other women, sweet and fair and kind like her, creatures of brightness and music, favorites of a moment, before they are left with earless hands on the edge of the Niagara that bears them down. Out of the abrupt lights and shadows of stages and restaurants, of failure and want and Broadway, there emerged for him a face very piteous and very dear, there grew into his fancy, into his play, a creature not Dilsey and yet Dilsey, a small, bright figure, quite alone, trying with smiles and softness and quick, weary feet to dance its way against the monstrous juggernaut of the world, until she in her turn became only a type, a symbol, one among that great ballet made up of sweetness and perfume and youth, of brave little, ignorant, drifting girls with poor families clinging to their spangled skirts, with base advisers adjusting their fans, threatened on one side with the dishonor of luxury, of power and freedom, and on the other with the dishonor of poverty, of the abuse and insult that go with poverty, its loneliness, its starvation, its swift age, its incessant struggle even to keep one's footing, without rest, without peace, in the constant truckling and submission of impotence and its wracking, midnight fear. Thus Peter had really something to say, and with the patientest labor and cunning he had found a way to say it. This obscure little boy was an artist and no more. What sort of guarantee was it for his future that he would never be less? The hoarse clangor of the last bell broke out upon the house, warning the laggards, and down in the street the growing waves of business seemed ready to beat about and swallow down his single sail.

Peter did not clatter downstairs as usual that day, and he carried a despised cap of his nervously into breakfast with him. The clerks, the salesladies, the teachers were all gone. Amid their uncleared plates and the frosty shades and odors of the half-lit basement a luxurious lady-typist sat in splendor, gently moving her highly manicured fingers, turning and pruning a bepuffed head; nearer the window a book agent, kept at home by la grippe, was reading jokes on women to her from his newspaper. This gentleman paid no attention to Peter, who was physically and socially beneath his notice, but between his guffaws the typist turned to Peter and asked: "Your show go on s'afternoon?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Dilsey May's gone from there, hasn't she?"

"No, she dances there to-day."

"What! on a Monday?"

"Yes, Bill Baxter, one of the Esmondi Brothers, broke his ankle and they haven't been able to get any headliner in his place till to-morrow."

"A gentleman friend o' mine told me she was crazy to get that father o' hers out o' town."

"Well, they've paid him pretty well to have her stay over. And then she wanted to see my play."

"To see your play!"

He could have bitten his tongue out for having told it; he took a long poisonous swallow of coffee instead. The typist looked out of the window to a bill-board across the street where a full-length figure of Dilsey kicked amid a cascade of laces, its golden heels above its plumed head.

"To see your play!"

"Yes."

"Dilsey May!" A silence. "What she want to see it for? She a friend of yours?"

"No."

"Know her at all?"

"She speaks to me sometimes, around the theater." Did he know that in this pitiful boast he had confessed that in the pride of his humility he had betrayed his heart's secret? He pushed away at any rate his frowzy napkin, his muddy cup, his plate of greasy, leathery food, and took his manuscript to his breast. Rising for flight, he was stayed by the lady's pomp of satire. "Maybe she wants to buy it and produce it, does she?"

"She doesn't care; her father wants to see how it goes, he may buy it."

The lady regarded his small figure, his cropped head, the cloth cap that he crushed in his hand, his ready-made last year's clothes; then she looked across again at the flying glories of Dilsey May and they seemed to throw him into dingier shadow. Plainly she did not believe him. So she sped an avenging arrow. "Well, they better get something new for her, her dance doesn't go any more. Every other she's tried the last two years's been a failure. I don't wonder she wants to see if she can act some. She's about played out. If you think you can get any money out of her you better do it before her father's gambled her last dollar away. You know," she continued in a friendly tone, "that engagement he tried to make for her in London all fell through. And another thing my gentleman friend says all the swell fellers have begun to run after that French girl. That rate, nobody'll want to book her any more. She'll be down and out. I guess she's played the goody-goody game just a little bit too long. Though nowadays they do say—" Peter looked at her and she stopped; he went out.

She and the book agent put their heads together, and she finished her anecdote to him: Peter heard their greedy laughter gurgle forth as he slammed the area gate. He told

himself that he would never come back again, never, not to that woman, to that man, that room even, to such life, such conditions. To-day was the end of it. It was the end of all things, for to-day was the day of his play. He could see nothing beyond that—his horizon was close to his eyes.

THE carpenters were making day hideous when Peter passed through the stage door. In the gray light, like dust and water mixing, were people huddled on broken chairs, clustered behind ends of scenery, or walking distractedly up and down, jabbering to themselves. Peter's dear lines—sleepy people up late and early, men with new parts to learn, women with three or four dresses to prepare each week, who yet rehearsed every morning, played every afternoon, played every evening, week after week, month after month, without pausing, without breath—what did they care for Peter's play? He never went into the theater without having this damp cloth of indifferent reality fall over his head. Mr. Greiner, the stage-manager, met him and told him that really the play did need brightening up a little.

Peter always sat at the prompt table or down in front near the orchestra; he had all the conspicuous odium of authorship without its authority—young and incompetent people bursting with theories disputed every inch of his suggestions on the ground of some very modern production they had half-digested; others who had played in "East Lynne" and "The Octoroon" before he was born wondered what that little snip thought he could teach them; the stage-manager consulted him constantly about the best way of grouping or dispersing the actors so as to show off the stage-setting. "I don't want Miss —— train to cover that tiger-skin." "I want a strong light in this scene—what?" Well, then, my dear fellow, the portières will show for nothing, and I could hardly persuade them to rent me those portières." Through the banging crash of the carpentry came indistinctly to Peter the murmur of his lines; it seemed to him that the buzz of the groups waiting to take up their cues was unusually animated. By and by Greiner explained to him that the gossip was about little Miss May. She had come early and all alone to watch the rehearsal; a few moments ago a boy in uniform had insisted upon seeing her and giving her a package; she had opened it before them all and discovered to the public view a necklace of large diamonds. No wonder people buzzed. She had put the necklace on her hand-bag without a word and gone out front. Peter turned, and his eyes found her there, sitting in the dark among the cleaners, and the face that was staring at the stage, propped on its gauntleted little fist, looked pale to him under its heavy flashing feathers. When he turned back to the stage again he had a moment's hateful disaffection toward the large redundancy of the lady who was to play his Columbine.

That lady was just saying: "You know, there really isn't much color to it, Mr. Brewer, for this kind of a character." She spoke as if appealing to his sense of justice. "Is that fireplace practicable, Ike?" the stage-manager interrupted the heavy man to demand.

The last rehearsal was really begun.

AT ABOUT half-past one the cold and unsparring electric light revealed the empty auditorium—the pale blue plush of the upholstery and the scant yellow satin draperies that mingled with it, the vacuous gape of the boxes with their stiff chairs, neatly and closely packed, cane-seated, but enameled in dirty white and tricked with gilding, it glared upon the advertisements of chewing-gum and insect-powder on the curtain, painted in amid the pink and red, the ginger and emerald and azure garments of fearful foreigners busy at one of their blighting festivities in some satin-draped, marble-stepped fountain-vistaed park with hoisted, jointy cupids simpering in the skies. Into this sympathetic interior strayed at intervals families of innocent Germans bearing paper bags, gay, noisy salesmen of lesser politicians, large ladies of chesty figures with elaborate heads, wearing strong silk gowns and diamond horse-shoes, vague, undeveloped boys reeking of cigarettes and non-employment, flushed schoolgirls with soiled light gloves and candy-boxes, one or two third-rate journalists, an actor or so, idle and therefore censorious—this was Peter's jury.

Peter came out past the yellow-satinated boxes and sat down in one of the blue plush chairs. The orchestra had just ceased its scraping, dental preliminaries and at that moment started on the overture. Peter sat very still, looking down, compressing his lips, but with his round bullet head straight and high: presently his heart gave a great leap, turned over in his throat, and then went down and down and down into some sunless sea; for a moment he could not think nor breathe; the house was darkened but a great light dazzled his eyes, then he lifted them like a soldier to the stage. The curtain was going up.

The bright mist cleared. He looked upon a strange, horrible interior. Was this garish, unfriendly, inexpressive thing the room whose atmosphere he had created so tenderly, so faithfully, with such minute and scrupulous touches? Oh, yes he had seen it before, from behind the curtain—its cut velvet and best mahogany-finish furniture, its imitation onyx ornaments, its rubber plants and tidiest spangles, its flower boxes, its gilded straw hats, its lace curtains, its gaudy chandeliers, its gaudy curtains, its gaudy一切。

the set was fondly imagined by the audience. The duke, a hero in a tattered uniform, and the heroine in a tattered uniform, they had come to settle back to their seats.

In this Peter's brain the heroine was herself on "the leading man" genre's mind, and the scene of the imperious speech which appealed to that they followed individual thoughts right that Peter's curtain came around eager first audience caught the mouth. "Never you up yet.

Was that with those who were in the play opened eyes? No, not grip, Peter compare. It wrung his soul audience and eyes wandered them seize relieved laud thought they meant the action of the play good strong together, and it was also right? What was testing and lessly. He stared at once, respect secret that he did it? That Would that his skin began to the image of confidence and would do shoulder, and man in a white and boutonnieres exaggerated grandeur of a and implored he asked Peter little girl's of business, followed him.

It wanted s

mails behind account; the flowers on the woven of dirt in stage set wooden "skirt" gas and make with her crooked gilt straw hats in a costume dancing-dress.

After man Peter was for his child's, but before his an to business where silently kerchief, and inured to the that he had was telling could be done written at this he was smile of abs render as the it would be was all very wouldn't stay prepared for fusing him

the set was strange to Peter, unfriendly, inexpressive, it was fondly familiar and suggestive to the members of the audience. They had seen it often before as the library of the duke, as the bridal suite of the hotel to which the heroine has been lured, as the lair of the red-gowned adventures, and thus as far as it could it promised them what they had come there for—a repetition of stock situations and stock emotions exploited by popular personalities; when they saw this set and Mr. — and Miss — they could settle back to their nibbling, their fanning, and coughing; they felt that their afternoon was safe.

So in this cordially complacent atmosphere the people of Peter's brain began to speak. What though the gentle little heroine was represented by a strenuous person who prided herself on "figure," what though heavy had a cold and the leading man didn't know his lines, what though the ingenue's mind was far away with her daughter's wedding, and the second woman, written as a bully, would play for sympathy, yet, out of all this inattention and unsuitability there began to lift its voice, there among the rubber-plants and the ghosts of aristocratic villains, a more vivid and imperative spirit, something very dramatic, very delicate, which appealed more and more to the actors themselves so that they followed it with a rising pulse. Where every individual thing was wrong there yet was something left so right that Peter had the courage to be satisfied. When the curtain came down he forced himself to relax, to look around eagerly upon the audience—upon his audience, his first audience; across a fearful yawn of empty seats he caught the eye of a girl who was chewing gum. He shook the taste of that cold water from his mouth. "Never mind!" he thought. "I'll wake you up yet. I suppose you want to be waked up!"

Was that where he was wrong? Was the fault with those who wished to stay asleep and dreaming, or was there something too exact and exquisite in the play itself, fit only for alert and widely-opened eyes? As the second act went on and did not grip, Peter began to wonder, to examine, and compare. It was all right to him and stirred and wrung his soul, but it went over the heads of his audience and left them baffled; their poor bored eyes wandered in gloom; it was pathetic to see them seize upon what they thought funny, the relieved laughs that they gave when they thought they understood. Under such discouragement the acting drooped, the informing life went out of the performance; somehow, somewhere, a good strong pull was needed to get everything together, and if all this was breaking Peter's heart it was also rousing his spirit. Exactly what was wrong? He seemed to take his play in his hands, testing and weighing it, and it responded flawlessly. What was the matter? He *would* know. He stared at the fiddle-headed sphinx of an audience, respecting it, trying, trying to guess the secret that would pierce it. Would his third act do it? That was his most telling, vital point. Would that lift the fog, rend the cloud? Or—his skin began to creep and his blood chilled. Then the image of that third act brought back his sense of confidence, of power. Oh, yes, that must and would do it! Just then he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, looking up, beheld a sickly, seedy man in a wilted light suit with an effect of jewelry and boutonnieres, which Peter's distaste may have exaggerated. He had a shuffling, unconvincing grandeur of deportment which was entirely gentle and implored one to have pity on its decay. When he asked Peter if he couldn't come back to the little girl's room and have a talk about a matter of business, Peter rose with a pounding heart and followed him. For this was Dilsey's father.

It wanted some minutes still to that third act.

MISS MAY'S dressing-room was no bower. It was small and quite airless and very hot and bright with gas; on its dingy whitewashed walls hung a couple of stage dresses protected by a packing-sheet; her street clothes were huddled, sheetless, on some nails behind the door, as if they were of no account; there were old slippers and artificial flowers on the shelves; there were two chairs, woven of dirty gilt straw, condemned from service in stage settings: on the other chair of the wooden "kitchen" sort, amid this heavy reek of gas and make-up powder and perfume and heat, with her crossed silken feet on the rungs of the gilt straw and her foaming skirts spread round her in a conflagration of satin and chiffon, of spangles and poppies, sat Dilsey May in her dancing-dress.

After many days of a nodding acquaintance, Peter was formally introduced. Miss May gave him her hand, as small and cold as a frightened child's, but she said nothing; her eyes fluttered before his and dropped. After he had sat down to business with her father, she continued to tilt there silently, crimping the edges of a lace handkerchief, and by and by Peter became sufficiently inured to this to become aware of Mr. May and that he had ceased to drone out platitudes. He was telling Peter about something he thought could be done with the piece, how it could be re-written with a happy ending. If Peter's hair rose at this he was still able to put forward the pale smile of absolute decision; not for such a surrender as that had he delivered up his youth to labor! Mr. May went on to state that otherwise it would be useless to his daughter. Tragedy was all very well for big women, but the public wouldn't stand for it in little ones. He seemed prepared for such a sentimentality as Peter's refusing him at first, and equally prepared for

seeing it crushed beneath his own announcement of a backer whom he would undertake to interest in it under those changed conditions. He became flushed and uneasily excited when he spoke about the backer; he had never felt really sure of him until lately; his daughter had always been so—but now, he thought he might consider himself prepared to undertake financial obligations. What he was not prepared for was Peter's enduring obstinacy. He asked him if he knew what a chance he was losing and what it meant to him to have his first play flung back on his hands, and Peter said: "Oh, yes, I know." He wouldn't, then, consider, under the advice of older and wiser heads, for his own advantage? He couldn't, Peter said. Mr. May got angrily to his feet and declared that there was no more to be said then! Peter rose too, and then Mr. May said at any rate he would go in front and see how the third act went. He had a wager on with the leading man that there would be more than one call. He shot a sinister and yet wavering glance at Peter and retreated. Peter let him go. The thought of that lady and that play together—it was hard! All the same, there are some faiths that one keeps with one's self; there are some flags that one doesn't lower.

The boy was left to fend for himself, and he had to get out of the room somehow. He looked over at the rosy cloud in the corner, but it paid no attention to him. He made some kind of an embarrassed and throaty noise at it and turned away.

It was then that a hoarse little voice said: "Mr. Brewer!" Peter stopped. The lady of his dreams beckoned him per-

emptorily but surreptitiously to her side. "I just want to ask you a minute—would you mind doing something for me after the performance?" She held out an envelope, and as Peter took it he felt that it was stuffed with a soft paper. "I want this to go where it's addressed to," she said. "It's not mine, and I can't get off to return it, and I'm afraid to give it to papa—there's a big race on to-morrow, and I'm afraid he'd just soak it and go."

"With pleasure," said Peter to her implication, and put the envelope in his pocket over the astonished beating of his heart. This was the first time that he had really heard her speak, and he had not supposed that he should find so much of the Bowery in her voice—flower among the world's rough winds as he had always seen her, the swamping odor of Jockey Club that she exhaled was news to him. He added, lingering: "I'm sorry about the play. I couldn't change it."

"No."

He was surprised at the finality of her acquiescence. She was studying very seriously a golden beetle on her instep, and she surprised him still further by asking: "How are you going to get on, though?"

"Get on?"

"Do you think you can get ahead by just sticking to things straight?"

"I guess that's the way I'll have to," Peter laughed.

"Wait till you're older!" said the fairy child before him. She yawned prodigiously, unconvincingly, and rapped on her teeth with her rings. "Well, I got to have something."

(Continued on page 26)



Through all her talk Peter was aware of something brightening in his brain



The Sere-and-Melo-Drama

An Inquiry Into the Methods of Our Busy Thrill-Carpenters



THE SENSATIONAL ESCAPE OF THE POLICEMAN'S WIFE

W

HENEVER you go to see a melodrama—there, dear reader, you are offended? You never go to melodrama? Well, whenever one goes to see a melodrama—although the sense of vision is not the only—oh, let's start this right.

When one goes to see, hear, taste, smell, and feel a melodrama, one goes for any of a number of reasons. One has seen an eight-sheet in seven colors advertising "Myrtle, the Elegant Cigar-Maker," in which Myrtle, who works by the day at \$1.35 and is neatly garbed in a simple and perfectly fitting frock that must have cost \$125, and who wears heels of the most Gallie, is telling Harvey Remington: "I'd rather starve in the gutter than go with you, you beast!" so one says: "Let's get up a crowd and see that show; it'll be a scream"—or one has read a journalistic josh of the piece, written in the paper's best mock heroics—or one is a traveling salesman and the melodrama's the only show in town, "The Gay Society Belles" having been there the night before—or—oh, yes, this happens—one has tired of paying out four good dollars for a pair of seats and feeling swindled at 10.55, so one chances a dollar and says: "Well, Minnie, even if this is rotten, we won't feel so bad."

Go to one melodrama a year, and beyond telling the crowd at luncheon next day about it, you give it no further thought. You laugh at its glaring impossibilities; at its glorification of simple virtue by an author who may have—one has—served a penitentiary sentence for a most unpretty crime; at its dreary platitudes on heroism; at its harping on honor by a playwright far from scrupulous about the source of his inspiration: all the old familiar phases. And you proceed straightway to forget it. Go to two a year and you will compare them, probably to the disparagement of the second, which, you will say, was modeled on the first. Go to thirty a year and you will become interested—particularly if you are a reporter—in this melodramatic world, which is a planet of frigid and torrid zones only. You will wonder who the authors are and how they work. You will wonder—because you do that at other works of art, dramatic, lit'ry, or street-cleaning—how much the author of "Esther Went Away from There" "got out of it." And the managers? And the players? And so forth.

And, assuming this same reportorial curiosity, you will look into the game. Nor will it be necessary to tell the office boy your date of birth and how much additional insurance you are carrying in order to gain entrance, as in the case of other and more pretentious dramatic producers. Cheerfully and without reserve do the magnates of melodrama tell you anything you want to know and volunteer additional bits you wouldn't dream of asking for. As Mr. Al H. Woods, one of the melodramatic deck's four kings, remarked before jumping into his next year's model touring car: "If you forgot to ask anything, just come in or ring up any time. We got no secrets here."

The term melodrama here is meant to include only the popular-price, glaringly posted, hot-title shows—what those in the business aptly call "hurrah stuff." The \$2-a-seat melodrama is another magazine story. Well, as to the writing of melodramas, melodramas are not written; they are rubber-stamped. Once in a while, say two or three times a season, a new stamp is cast or the type brightened, but it changes the whole effect no appreciable whit. And no disrespect is meant to the members of the melodramatic craft. Here are, say, three hundred possible rubber stamps, typing characters—which in-

clude their dialogues, as, given a character, his or her (particularly her) lines are as good as written—situations, The Situation, and effects. Twenty stamps, say, will make a show. And by taking away one and substituting another, another show is made. Take it on the word of an ex-student of such frivolities that many thousands of results are possible. It's like this:

*The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
His homeward way the weary plowman plods.
His way the weary plowman homeward plods.
His weary way the plowman homeward plods.*

A scene from this show, a situation from that, a character from that, a villain, or lack of character from that—and there you are. As Sir William Schwenck Gilbert might say:

*If you want a receipt for a melodramatical
Thrillingly thundery popular show,
Take an old father, unyielding, emphatical,
Driving his daughter out into the snow;
The love of a hero, courageous and Hackety;
Hate of a villain in evening clothes;
Comic relief that is Irish and racketty;
Schemes of a villainess muttering oaths;
The bank and the safe and the will and the forgery—
All of them built on traditional norms—
Villainess dark and Lucrezia Borgery
Helping the villain until she reforms;
The old mill at midnight, a rapid delivery;
Violin music, all scary and shivery;
Plot that is devilish, awful, nefarious;
Heroine frightened, her plight is precarious;
Bingo!—the rescue!—the moment goes snapplly—
Exit the villain and all endeth happily!
Take of these elements any you care about,
Put 'em in Texas, the Bowery or thereabout;
Put in the powder and leave out the grammar
And the certain result is a swell melodrammer.*

The Way They Work in the Foundry

ROM four melodrama foundries six authors turn out most of the plays—four-fifths is hardly stretching it—put on in this country. Methods of construction and reimbursement vary. "This is the way I do it," vouchsafed Mr. Woods, producer of "Edna, the Pretty Typewriter," "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," "Convict 999," and others too humorous to mention. "I dope out a bunch of titles; then I go down to the lithographing company and give 'em some ideas for three, eight, and twenty-four sheets, and have the paper made. Then I send for one of my playwrights—Hal Reid or Theodore Kremer or Owen Davis—give him the title, show him the lithos, tell him how soon I want it, and that's all. Maybe it's a bad way and maybe it isn't. The shows make good and that's all we want. But I believe," continued Mr. Woods, as who should say: "Pay a lot of attention to this; it's never been said before?"—"I believe in giving the public what they want; and they must want these shows or they wouldn't keep on coming. The moving-picture thing is going to hurt the business, of course, but not any more than it'll hurt the \$2 crowd. This season I'm going to put moving pictures between the acts of my shows. But you ought to speak to Davis; he can tell you lots."

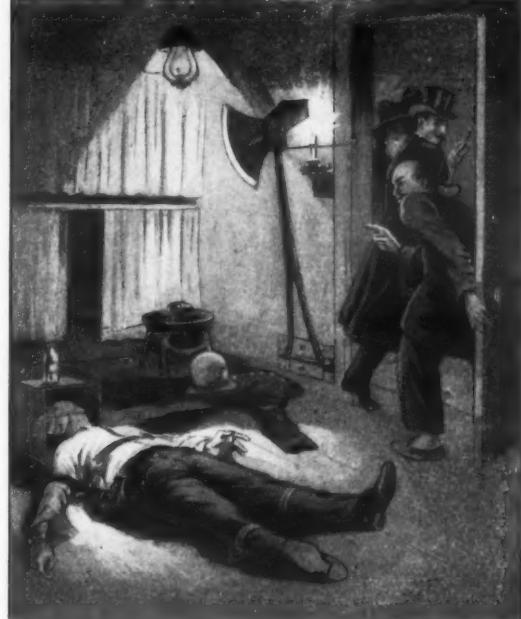
A good tip, Mr. Woods, and thank you. Reader, meet Mr. Owen Davis, Harvard, '93, who, in a way, is the most

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

interesting personage before the theatrical public, and who, had he written 234 plays in the last twelve years, would be precisely twice as interesting. As a mine of humorous copy, however, he is disappointing. Sit through "The Confessions of a Wife" and ask yourself what manner of man the author is. Witness "Since Nellie Went Away" and try to picture its playwright. This or that impression you might conjure up, but that of a young man who looks and talks like a college professor—the better class of them, that is—sitting quietly in his artistically furnished Riverside Drive apartments, reading Euripides and smoking a pipe—all this ten minutes after he had finished writing an idyllic little pastoral for next season called "Jack Sheppard, the Bandit King"—that is hardly what you expected from the author of that stirring line!

*"You may strike me if you will, Richard Paulding,
but a woman's honor is something that can
resist the hardest of your blows!"*

or words to that stage effect. No, you thought to find, and you may as well admit it, a man who wore at least one diamond in his negligee shirt, who had at least twelve colors of wall-paper in his rooms, and whose library consisted of definitive editions of Bertha M., Laura Jean, and Mrs. Mary J. Instead you find a student, a purist in even ordinary conversation, and—joy of joys—a man who does not take himself seriously. Mr. Davis is perfectly willing to have his plays ridiculed when he knows that royalties from nineteen of them are accruing to him at the time. Of course that doesn't mean fifty-two weeks each, but it is a fact that during the season of 1907-8 nineteen plays, some old ones and some new, lasting from three to forty-six weeks, had the Davis trade-mark blown in the bottle, a fact interesting to the student in dramatic quantitative analysis, if not to one concerned with the proverbial elevation of the stage. Mr. Davis estimated that at least 1,500,000 people had seen his plays last season. Statistics bore and comparative figures may prove nothing, but if all the blood spilled in the 117 Davidramas were put into one caldron it would equal the average annual rainfall for Asia, Rhode Island, and Tasmania. The blank cartridges shot in those same plays would supply the entire Bulgarian army for 1,342 years 7 months and 21 days. All the curseyous and other oaths,



"WHEN THAT LITTLE FLAME REACHES THE CORD
YOU WILL BE OUT OF OUR WAY FOREVER"

placed end on end, would reach from Oneonta, New York, to Nashotah, Wisconsin, while the virtue triumphant on field of vice, scarlet, would—

Vary from the Melodrama Formula at Your Peril!

IT IS not so easy to melodram as it looks," Mr. Davis goes on to tell you, though how he knows you think it looks easy savors of clairvoyance. "There is a formula, to be sure, radical variations from which are impossible. But it is that very sameness which makes it difficult. At times I have tried to break away from the regular thing, and the plays have failed. 'The Power of Money' was a good play, dramatically and from a literary standpoint, if you'll pardon my saying it. It lasted about a month, if memory serves. Take 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.' Frankly, I wrote it as a burlesque. Often, while working on it, I had to laugh at its incongruities and impossible situations—Nellie faced certain death seventeen times from curtain to curtain—but it was a big financial success and is in its third season now. And here's another thing: A good melodrama simply has to be per-



feetly obvious. An audience of subaverage intelligence must be able to follow it all and to anticipate the action a minute or two ahead. You may surprise them by adding something to what is expected, but you are not allowed to fool them or trick them, as the legitimate dramatists often do. This was true of "Nellie" and of other of my plays—and I keep it in mind now while writing—a deaf mute might have understood it perfectly. The dialogue and the action always coincided. Nellie is threatened, verbally; the threat is carried out visually. Oh, yes, melodrama has its technique just as certainly, just as arbitrarily, as drama on a higher plane.

Some of "the Greatest in the Business"

YOU believe that melodrama is harmful? Let me tell you that I have never written a suggestive line, never allowed vice or wrong-doing to seem even temporarily to be in the ascendent. Recently I was asked to write a play from a title that was palpably suggestive. I refused and so did all my *nommes de pencil*. What I may have done is overstimulate young minds and give them perhaps more excitement than is necessary, but even that I doubt."

Now glance in passing, dear reader—are you still there?—at manager, author, and producer Charles E. Blaney. Take your eyes from his diamond initial cuff-links, and listen to his pearls of speech: "I have tried to break away from the cheap and sensational," says he, "to give the public something better than what they've been used to. Better plays, better casts, better scenery. So don't class this firm with the regular melodrama 'hurrah stuff!'" Saying which, Mr. Blaney autographs his photograph, "Author of clean plays," and the pencil bears down extra hard on *clean*, as though it meant to say: "Er—ahem—not knocking anybody."

Make no mistake about Mr. Blaney, however. He's a big man in his sphere. As to the authorship of the plays that bear his name, there be those to say that he buys them outright for a small amount from some struggling author, improves them, puts the English for *viscera* into them, makes them over—in a word, belaoses them and puts his name to them, which is simple, if not 99 44-100 per cent pure, business. For Mr. Blaney is a business man and a good one. A couple of years ago the booking end of melodrama was controlled, as it is today, by Stair and Havlin, with a grip that makes that of Klaw and Erlanger on the higher-priced theaters seem like an altruistic arrangement. So Mr. Blaney gradually acquired theater after theater of his own, until it's a long story and a technical one—he is now a partner in that powerful firm and is able to play the game both ways from the box-office.

Actor, author, stage-manager is young Mr. Langdon McCormick, whose "Out of the Fold," "The Life of an Actress," "Jessie Left the Village" (now named "The



"NOW YOU SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING ME KISS YOUR UNCONSCIOUS WIFE"

"Convict and the Girl," because the Provinces didn't like the original title), and Actor James J. Corbett's starring vehicle, "The Burglar and the Lady," are only a few of the scripts—never say manuscript to anybody in the show business—he has turned out since leaving Albion College, a few years ago, to go and act with Otis Skinner. Get Mr. McCormick's views:

"I couldn't say how my ideas come. Emerson says one can not get an idea by trying. It may be somewhere in the recesses of the brain and one may summon it, but conscious effort to produce an idea is not effective. I just wait till they come. Four plays a year is my productive limit. No man can do more than that and do it well. I try to write something better than the ordinary melodrama and to create new effects and novel situations. This coming season, in 'Wanted by the Police,' we have a race between two trains—a brand-new scheme—and I—" here Mr. McCormick had to superintend the hiring of a heavy, a comic relief, and a juvenile, but Mr. Harry Mittenthal, whose interest in the young author is negligible, being only manager and owner of his past and future output for five years, continued:

"Believe me, Mac is the greatest man in the play-writing business to-day, bar none. He brought us a

melodrama yesterday that is ab-so-lutely the greatest play I ever listened to. Some of the lines as good as Shakespeare's. He's great, and you can say so in your article and we'll stand for it."

So with Lincoln J. Carter, author, producer, and manager in Chicago. He, too, is "anxious to break away from traditional melodrama," but each season his hardy annuals bloom forth, changed in title and non-essentials,

of course, rare. So, unless you see the author's contract it is hard to determine how much a successful melodramatic author can make in a year. Roundly, if he make fifteen thousand dollars, he may be rated as one of the few authors who make it pay.

Perfectly frank are the managers about the importance of the title. And if a title be suggestive, if it hint of an off-color story, if it cause kitchen maid and



THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF TESS—NAT'S THRILLING RESCUE

but not otherwise. So with Hal Reid, author of more than a hundred melodramas, among them "Human Hearts," the old favorite, and of "A Desperate Chance," a play founded on the life of the Biddle Brothers, which has been the most successful of all the modern melodramas, having had an almost continuous run of six seasons. So with Theodore Kremer, author of "The Curse of Drink," "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl," and many dozen others. And so with Thomas H. Sewell, author of "Kate Barton's Temptation," and Joseph Le Brandt, who wrote "Through Death Valley." And so with the others. About the authors you find that same monotony that saturates the plays. The first is interesting, the second seems to have been designed from the first, and if you were to take the views of all and shake them together in a hat and ask each one to pick out his own, it is a good bet that any of them would fit any author or manager. Owen Davis's sense of humor and his industry, and Langdon McCormick's sincerity and ambition lift them a rung above the others. Ramsey Morris's achievement—"The Ninety and Nine"—does the same for him.

The Actors in Melodrama

AWORD about the players, who merit no more. Take them as a class, they are the quintessence of mediocrity, the apotheosis of the commonplace. Here and there is one with a bit of intelligence, which, if he but stay in melodrama long enough, he will probably lose. Here and there is another, like Rose Stahl or Edmund Breese, with intelligence and ability to get out of it. But as a whole, they are hopeless. Except in rare cases, their salaries are small. Genaro and Bailey, a vaudeville team now playing in "Tony, the Bootblack," get \$250 a week. James J. Corbett, who is a good actor, gets a large salary. Cecil Spooner is well paid. But these exceptions are rare. There are perhaps fifteen hundred melodrama players, and it is doubtful whether the salaries will average twenty dollars a week. Fifty dollars is the average paid a leading man or woman, and often the entire weekly pay-roll of a cast of ten will not run over \$225. Mr. Woods says that during the season of 1907-8 he "employed just 312 people, and they received \$11,856 in salaries each and every week. For the season of 1908-9 our forces will not be more than about 240 people, with an average salary list of \$9,500 per week." That would average the actors' salaries at about \$35, which is large.

Melodrama actors make almost no impression on their audiences. Ask the society girl what she is going to see next week, and she'll say Maude Adams or John Drew. Ask her the name of the play, and she'll probably not be able to tell you. Ask a weekly frequentress of melodrama what she saw at the Bijou or the Star or the Alhambra last night, and it'll be "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife" (one of this season's thrillers, by the way) or "The Queen of the Convicts," but ask for the name of one actor or actress she has seen on the melodramatic stage in a year's time, and she will pass it up. The interpreters of melodrama are, as a rule, bad, unintelligent, and incompetent, but they serve the purpose almost as well as and ever so much more cheaply than better ones.

It is hard to determine the author's compensation. Sometimes a play is sold outright for a couple of hundred dollars. Generally the royalty system prevails, but the percentage paid is much smaller than in the two-dollar field, two and a half per cent of the net receipts being uncommonly high. Then, with the best seats generally not higher than seventy-five cents, and very often thirty cents, four thousand dollars for a week's business is large. A good week at the Bijou, in Pittsburgh, may run up to nine thousand dollars, but that is,

laborer to investigate, to see whether "they really dare go to the limit," so much the better. What is the sole idea in titles like "Confessions of a Wife," "Why Women Sin," "Queen of the Bigamists," "Why Girls Leave Home," "What Women Will Do," "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife"? And if the printing carry out the idea, better yet. And, best of all, if something like a gambling den, a low dive, an opium joint, a house of ill-fame, or a counterfeiter's resort can be shown on the stage. "But," say the managers again, "the villains who frequent these places are brought to ruin in the end. The safe-blower ends in prison; the counterfeiter is captured; the adventuress profiteth nothing to lose her own soul." And what thinks the young boy in the twenty-five-cent seat, who may have stolen the quarter from his mother's housekeeping money? Clap he never so loudly at the hero's "Have courage, girl, I'll save you!" hiss he never so sibilantly at the villain's "I'll get you yet, you young puppy!" when he goes away, the gambler, the counterfeiter, the opium fiend, and the escaped convict are the things he remembers. Watch the crowd as it exits from a melodrama house. Is it more considerate to the women, do the young ruffians trample them more tenderly than before that great line in Act III, "Do not forget, Harold Percival, that your mother was a woman, too," was applauded to the asbestos echoes?

And these titles. Let one but be successful, the ditto mark is used shamelessly. "Jessie Left the Village"—"Since Nellie Went Away"; "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl"—"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"; "Edna, the Pretty Typewriter"—"Lottie, the Poor Saleslady." There are "For Her Children's Sake," "For Her Sake," "For His Brother's Crime," "For His Sister's Honor," "For Mother's Sake"; and "Human Hearts," "How Hearts Are Broken," "Hearts Adrift," "Hearts of Gold"; and "Queen of the Highway," "Queen of the Outlaw Camp," "Queen of the White Slaves," "Queen of the Highbinders," "Queen of the Convicts," "Queen of the Cattle Range," "Queen of the Bigamists"—an original band, these melodramatists, in sooth.

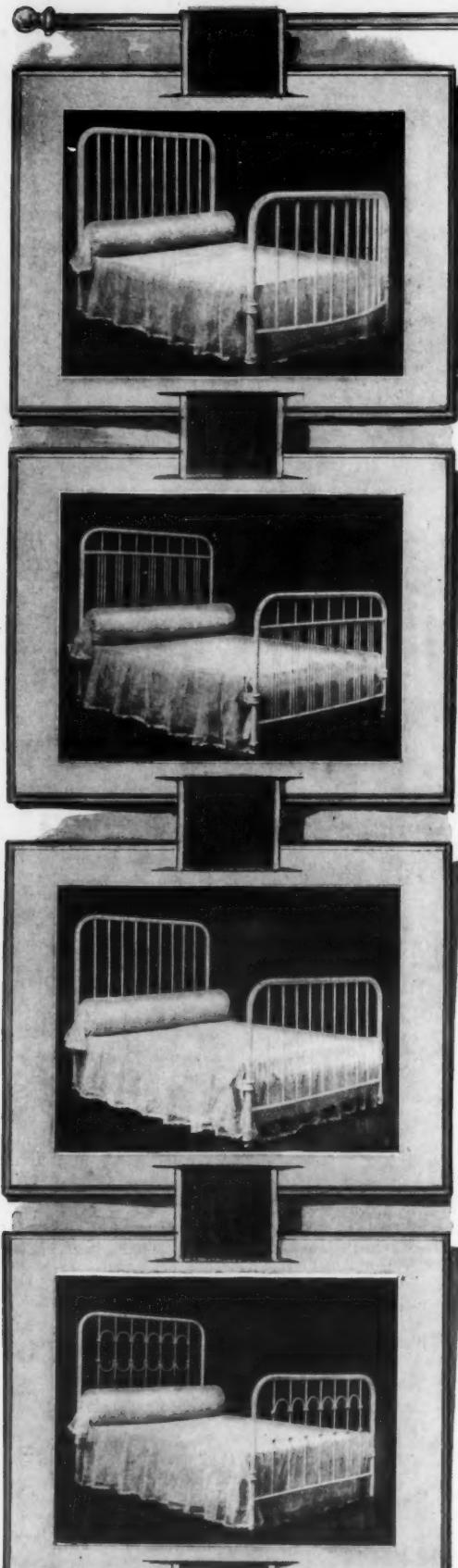
But this is only appropriating from among themselves. It may be stated that the dramatic successes of last year are the melodramatic themes for this. This year's Broadway hits will be adapted and worked around for next year's "hurrah stuff." "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Man of the Hour," "The Chorus Lady," "Raffles," "The Girl of the Golden West"—oh, all of 'em—have been put on the melodramatic stage, with more or less qualifications and modifications.

A polyhedral subject, that of melodrama. Specious are the arguments of its interested champions: it is harmless, it is healthy amusement, it is inexpensive, it instructs and—scapegoat excuse of the gamboge journalist, the morphine and cocaine seller, the indecent picture-postcard vender, the food adulterator, and others—the public wants it. The melodramas, say their sponsors, no worse than their higher priced contemporaries. "The big scene in 'The Wolf,'" says Mr. McCormick, "is exactly like the climax of"—the name escapes—one of the myriad. And right here lies the sovereign excuse of all workers of the second class: it may be the reason they rise not above it. Your poetaster, with his seamless feet and his rimes that rime not, points pridefully to the atrocious rimes of Pope; your literary drunkard prates of Poe's aberrations; your slipshod grammarian quotes Shakespeare in self-defense; your wretched penman tells about Horace Greeley. But remember, oh imitators of weaknesses, as the poet said or should have said: "Twas not his nodding made him Homer." But, to quote somebody or other again:

"You may knock, you may hammer
The shows—as you will,
But a hot melodrammer
Can stand 'em up still."

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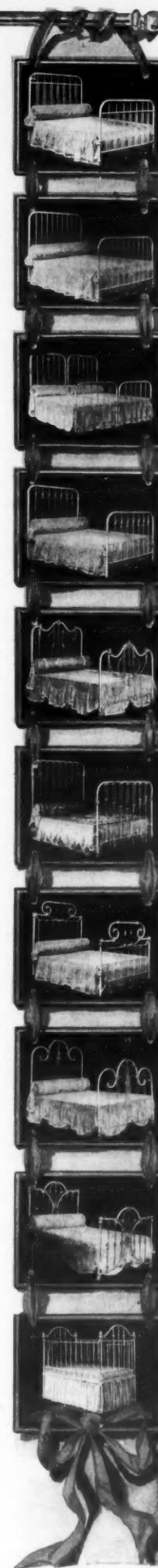
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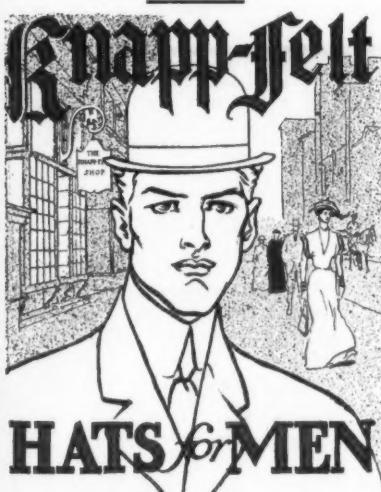
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Coincidental Coincidences

By W. J. LAMPTON

COINCIDENCES will happen even to the best regulated millionaires. Shortly before Mr. J. P. Morgan sailed from New York on a recent European trip, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the eminent lawyer, was at Mr. Morgan's house one evening to put into proper shape certain important business papers.

Just before they began their night's work, the butler announced the arrival of a dealer in curios who said he had something of significance for Mr. Morgan to look at. Mr. Morgan knew the dealer, as he knows many others in that line, and asked that he be shown in.

The dealer made himself comfortable while the two working men proceeded with the business in hand. They sat at a table before an open wood fire, and presently a spark darted out and lit somewhere on the fine rug. It was apt to do considerable damage, and both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Untermyer jumped up to find it and prevent harm to the rich fabric. As they chased it Mr. Untermyer quoted from Longfellow:

*"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where."*

Mr. Morgan smiled.

"Last night," he said, "my daughter and I were quoting that same couplet and talking about its application to a recent occurrence in our knowledge. It's rather odd that you should quote it now."

The dealer roused himself from his reverie almost abruptly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morgan," he said, "I have something even stranger to tell of it. What I have brought to show to you to-night is the original manuscript of the poem in which the couplet appears."

Which turned out to be true, and Mr. Morgan looked over the precious manuscript before he proceeded with his legal business.

Plays and Players

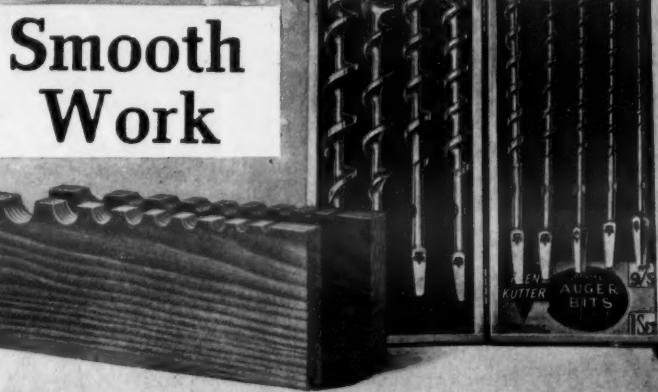
(Continued from page 14)

with human qualities rather than human appearances. Instead of the journalistic reproduction of the every-day world, such as we have in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," certain qualities are, so to speak, put into human form and set on the stage.

Mater herself is the spirit of joy, of laughter in the heart—an incorrigible won't-grow-up. She is the mother of two atrociously solemn and priggish children, destined, as she explains, to be the future Presidents of the United States and of Vassar College. She is, as the daughter explains, "an outlandish little person—of course, very nice and dear and useful—but when it comes to serious things—politics, sociology, for instance—she hasn't the first ray of comprehension." And when the son asks her where her maturity is, she says that she supposes she gave birth to it all when her children were born. He is the sort of young man who says, "Tell me that, mother—it *heartens* me," so that perhaps one can scarcely blame Mr. Frederick Lewis overacting the part until it is a sort of cross between Hamlet and W. J. Bryan.

He is running for the Legislature—a task that has already brought him to the verge of nervous prostration—and if he fails the doctor fears he will never get over it. A charmingly incredible political boss, with a gift of repartee and an acquaintance with the poets, proposes that the young man shall contribute \$4,000 to the campaign fund, in return for which his election is assured. Of course the young reformer refuses, but the boss mistakes the young and girlish-looking Mater for her daughter, falls wildly in love with her, and Mater's sense of humor is sufficiently resilient to enable her to carry on the illusion until the ballots are counted and her boy elected. The overwrought young man, appalled at his mother's levity, has called down the curses of God on her and himself, but as the curtain falls he takes her to his arms, and out of some mysterious metamorphosis, whose evolutions the audience has not seen, admits that she was right—it was "common sense."

In this phrase lies an essential weakness of Mr. Mackaye's play. He does not want to say, one assumes, that reformers are absurd and political idealism futile and that the politician's game should be met with equally skilful cajolery and deception. Yet this is what the play comes very close to saying. He does want to say, one assumes, that joy and laughter in the heart are fine things, that priggishness is absurd, and that a sensible, fun-loving mother may



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achieve a superior practical morality, while apparently coqueting with the abstract ethical code. Yet this is put so vaguely that it is scarcely understood.

The son's creed is, at bottom, the same as Mater's. When some one urges that the more wheat and steel, the more people and towns we have in America the merrier, it is he who says "the more indeed—if it be the merrier. But no more—if it be not the merrier. The need of our country to-day is not more towns, but happier towns; not more men, but happier men; not life itself, unless it be life worth living." It was important that he should be elected and more real feeling should show through Mater's flirtation if one is not to become wearied a bit at her insistent, tinkling, bookish jocularity.

Such defects are the result, one would venture to say, of a poet's indifference to the more mechanical side of the playwright's logical work—a sort of thoughtlessness. Nor can Mr. Mackaye quite escape from a rather irritating literariness and habit of classical allusion. I fancy that Miss Isabel Irving's experience in Shakespearian parts gives a certain pseudo-Elizabethan intonation to Mater's phrase-tossing, which may increase this effect and shallow somewhat the depth of Mater's feeling, although, for the most part, she is very pleasing. And none can fail to enjoy Mr. Charles A. Stevenson's presentation of the gifted boss. Whatever Mr. Mackaye's omissions, even to have wrought such delicate material as his into a fabric for the stage so serviceable as this is no small achievement. It may not be the completest triumph to be told that when you are at your best you are as good as Barrie, but it is a good deal to have gone so far as that.

Writing and Play-writing

(Continued from page 15)

but six days for rehearsals; the mornings of the week preceding the appearance of the piece. It is a hard life, but somehow they often manage to give a performance as enjoyable, if not as smooth, as that of the original cast which rehearsed for a month or more—just as what a writer dashes off at white heat when the printers are calling for copy, though lacking in finish, often contains a more important quality than other pieces of work which were worried over for a month. Players are nearly always overrehearsed when they open in New York. Even when they are not they are usually scared to death—it is so important—not only because they want a long run in New York, but also because if they fail on Broadway they can seldom live it down on the road afterward. This is true of plays which, previous to the metropolitan production, had been remarkable successes on the road. The success or failure of a play is often determined by the ability of its players to withstand the ordeal called the first night. The calmest-looking actors are usually the worst first-nighters. One charming actress always prays to a crucifix, hung in her dressing-room, before she goes on.

The Hard Working Actors

DURING the early stages of rehearsals it moves so slowly, and every one concerned seems so alarmingly unintelligent, that it always looks hopeless. They forget their cues quite as in amateur theatricals, and say: "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon," in their natural tones and then proceed to read their lines in their unnatural tones, while the stage-manager corrects and suggests, and suggests and corrects again patiently—or usually so. "Don't mind," he says to the playwright, "you can't tell anything about it until we get the props. Besides, you mustn't expect to get more than fifty per cent of your conception over the footlights. You'd better not wait; it will only distress you."

"Then I'll only look for fifty per cent," says the playwright and waits. He would be very foolish if he did not. Nobody can possibly know what his scenes mean as well as he does, and if he is content to vouchsafe that information to the stage-manager and leave to the latter the problem of obtaining the desired effects, it proves a good thing for the production and all concerned. The trouble with some authors is that they think they can act, or can show actors how to act, which is even worse.

The latter are the most patient and obliging people in the world if they are treated considerately; willing to work to exhaustion if they like you, impressionable, responsive, and naive as children, and quite as ignorant for the most part of all that goes on in the great world outside of the little one they care so much about.

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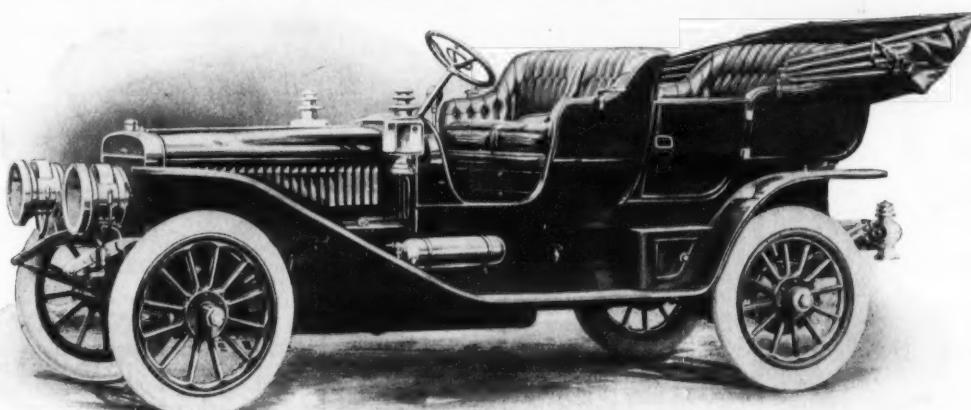
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Peter's Play

(Continued from page 17)

she told him. "My dance is played out. I haven't got any voice, I wore it out when I was little, singing duets with papa. Oh, my dance is done for all right—the bokays are withered on its grave, and every new one I get's a fizzle. If this keeps up pretty soon my booking won't hardly pay for my costumes."

"Must you be so wonderfully dressed?" asked masculine wisdom.

"Oh, I'd think it was a shame not to have my things right! But it does seem tough," she said, "to have made your hit and be down and out before you're twenty!"

"Oh!" cried Peter.

She looked up at him with a different glance, bold and shy and brimming with some still hidden speech; she gave the chair before her a friendly little kick with her small, scarlet shoe. "Want to sit down?" she asked.

"Of course people don't believe that's all I am—my age, I mean," she said after he was seated. "I've been on the stage since I was born, and I guess they think I'm old enough to die. Professionals, I mean. You never heard of me before I danced by myself, did you?"

"Four years ago next month," said Peter.

"No, I'd never got heard of before that. I've often wondered why I wasn't a luckier little youngster, like some of 'em, for they said I was the best baby—even when I was in long clothes I could be stolen and rescued and clasped to the heroine's bosom while she lighted in to the villain and never a cry out o' me. It's funny how things go in this world. I've played baby Harry when mama was crossing the ice and little Eva in the same show and blacked up for a piccaninny song-and-dance in between—everybody said I did 'em all right, and yet I never made much out of it. I was the youngest Lord Fauntleroy in the business, I guess, and then again mama was always spending an awful lot o' money having my pictures taken in China silk slips with wreaths hung on me (Lord, I spent my whole life in curl papers, and you bet I rest now and wear a wig!), or else in low-necked rags out in a snowstorm—lots o' children's fortunes been made that way, but somehow there wasn't ever anything in it for me. Can you make those things out?"

"And nobody took care of you?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes, mama always kept me in the same company with her till she died—that was when I was ten. We were playing in a tank-drama that winter; she got a bad cold, and it was awful for her to keep on being thrown in the tank, but she was afraid to say so for fear they'd get somebody stronger; it makes you think there's something good and rotten in things when you come to think about it. But here. This is just a hard-luck story—papa and I believe in luck—and you want to go out front!"

"Do you mean you'd like to have me go?" asked Peter.

"Why—your play."

"Yes, that's a hard-luck story, too. Do you think it didn't interest me?"

"Oh, I know, I know—that's why—There's the curtain!"

"What did you do next?" Peter asked.

"Why, papa and I did a turn in vaudeville, then, till I was fourteen. We were singing 'Razzle-Dazzle' and 'The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo' out in Dakota when the baby died. There were two others littler than me, but I liked him best. I wouldn't leave the others after that, and the society got down on the whole bunch of us about then and wouldn't let us work any more. I began again when I was sixteen; they couldn't help that, o' course, but those two years we used up all the money I'd saved—you see there was four of us."

She stopped, but Peter did not move. She turned her softly dimpled wrists over and over in her lap as if she criticized them gravely, and then she began poking out with her fan the laces that formed about her shoulders, the glittering ruffles of her little sleeve. Still he continued to

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lean toward her, waiting; and, seeing this, she suddenly began to pour forth a slow but unbroken torrent of brief sentences in which she showed him, mingling one with another, kaleidoscopic pictures of a strange girlhood, of a child taking care of children, cooking and ironing, scrubbing and sewing, in a half-furnished tenement; or dining with her father on his lucky days at famous restaurants, in shabby, outgrown clothes, with chapped hands, with broken shoes, with queer, moth-eaten furs and a brand-new picture hat; or always looking, looking for work; or being so tired that when her father got passes she would fall asleep in the warm peace of the theaters; and then of a dazzling brief success and the long slow failure after it. Through all her talk she was half the busy and distracted mother, planning, slaving, sending the others to school, and half the hungry, shrewd, and eager child, but all wholly innocent and kind; through all her talk Peter was aware of something not so much a change as a development, of something growing and brightening in his brain, of something coming to life in the very depth and bottom of his heart. So that when she said, "And what's to become of me, after all! What's to become of me?" he only looked up at her, quietly, candidly to ask: "Can you use my play? I'll change it any way you like."

"Oh!" She sprang up, and her movement brought him also to his feet. They stood facing each other with their looks striking fire. "Not your play! Your play!"

"What does the play matter?" Peter said. "What do you take me for?"

As they stood they could hear the orchestra striking up for the end of the third act, they could hear the burr of the descending curtain and the brief, faint applause as from a veiled and far-off world. But such a reality was here compelling his attention that that lack of applause did not occur to Peter till he read its shadow on her face. "Papa's lost his bet!" she said. "But don't mind—don't believe the play'll fail everywhere because it's failed down here to-day. There's another reason papa can't take it now, anything," she softly added.

Failed! That was true, then. It was a failure! Why was it, then, that he didn't care? No, he didn't care!

And out of the strange and horrid desert where he had strolled for a moment he came back to face the challenge in the eyes of Dilsey May. And to face also his own nature, which spoke to him in a new tone, in a voice very searching and profound, and told him that his business was here in the imperative, keen present, that here in this room, at once flaring and dingy, in this hot reek of cheap scent and shoddy color and Dilsey's excited talk a miracle was being wrought for him. Yes, this was it, this was it! This was what the whole day had tried to say to him, what the audience had tried to teach him; it was for the lack of this his play had failed, for the lack of something grained and hardy and perhaps a little coarse, something gaudy and domestic and ingenuous, common, like life. Oh, his dancer, however martyred, dreamed no more in floating glory; now after long years for the first time he looked clearly at the actual woman, and as he studied her with the eyes that she had opened there fell away from her that old enchanted glamour. The little figure lost, like Cinderella's robes, its mist and foam, its screen of cloud and light, and he saw her dressed in garish gilt and satin and decked with bits of colored glass, her mask of paint daubed red and white, stuck with stiff black eyelashes and smeared with tears, framed in the false and brassy glitter of spurious curls, the mouth opening to a rough voice, to uncouth speech, and squalid revelations, so that now above that supple, silken skin, he saw the cracked and bleeding hands, the broken nails of long ago, and beside the brazen clink of her high heels he watched the broken shoes run from the wash-tub to the stove. And that was why the love that his fancy had been playing with so long at last went down on its knees to her and put its life under her feet.

Peter had come to the real thing, the thing that belonged to neither type nor vision, but just to Dilsey May, the thing that was entirely grown-up. If hitherto his fancy for a dream of mere unhappy delicacy had been only a fancy it had led him the right road; he knew that whatever Dilsey's message said it would go to the tune of his own life. He did not form this into thought, but only into the emotion with which he put out his hand and took hold of her bare arm. "Wait!" he said. "You don't know me, I know. And I've no money. But wait. Believe in me a little while. Try. Do."

She did not move out of his grasp, but "It couldn't even be," she said. "I'm a woman and I know. But you do think you care about me now, don't you? I knew that all along, o' course. You do,

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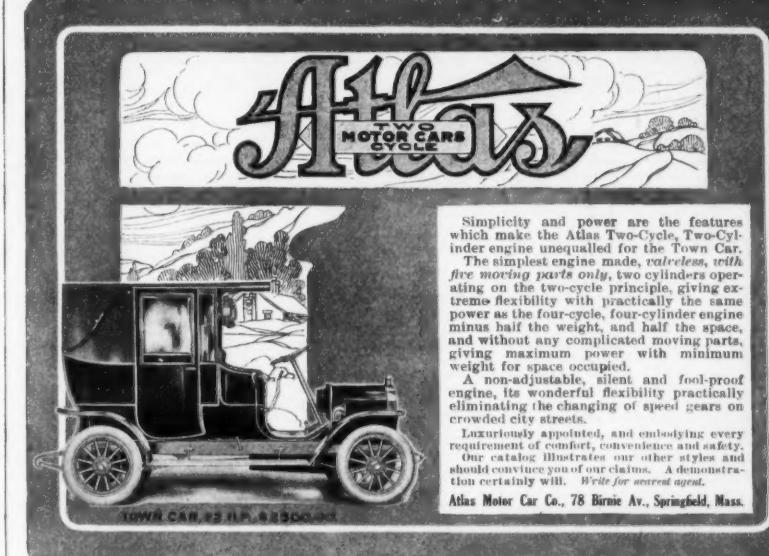
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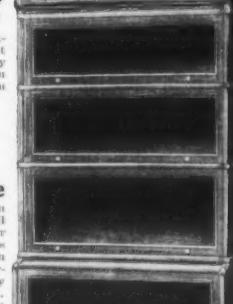
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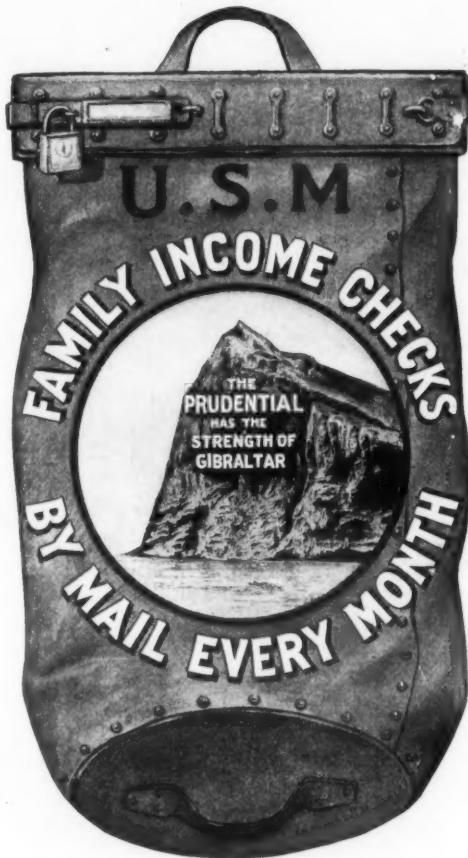
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